

TLS

The Times Literary Supplement

Important news for New Subscribers

The surest, most convenient way to get the TLS each week is to take out a subscription. Our subscription service located at the address below will provide all subscribers quickly and regularly with their weekly copy of the paper, which offers an incomparable guide to new and recent books published all over the world. New subscribers are invited to begin here, by filling in the coupon below.

For a complete list of countries to which the TLS is sent, please refer to the back of this coupon. For a complete list of countries to which the TLS is sent, please refer to the back of this coupon.

United Kingdom only by surface mail.
6 months (26 issues) £15.00
12 months (52 issues) £30.00

British Postal Zone A including Algeria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and United Arab Emirates.
6 months (26 issues) £28.26
12 months (52 issues) £52.52

British Postal Zone B including Argentina, Bermuda, Brazil, Hong Kong, India, Jamaica, Kenya, Malaysia, Mexico, Nigeria, Pakistan, Singapore, South Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Zambia, Zimbabwe.
6 months (26 issues) £29.12
12 months (52 issues) £58.24

British Postal Zone C including Australia, China, Japan, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Taiwan.
6 months (26 issues) £31.72
12 months (52 issues) £63.44

Europe including Cyprus, Gibraltar, Malta.
6 months (26 issues) £23.66
12 months (52 issues) £47.32

USA and Canada by air.
6 months (26 issues) US\$35.00
12 months (52 issues) US\$70.00

Please send me The Times Literary Supplement

☐ 6 months ☐ 12 months

NAME PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS

I enclose my cheque for made
payable to Times Newspapers Ltd.

Signature Date

Return this coupon to Times Newspapers Ltd.
Supplements Subscription Manager, Oakfield House,
35 Fenny Stratford Road, Haywards Heath,
West Sussex, BN16 3DT

The Times Literary Supplement

November 25 1983 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Contents

- JOHN HAYES Michael Rosenthal: *Constable - The painter and his landscape* 1299-1301
- JOHN GAGE Kenneth C. Lindsay and Peter Vergo: *Kandinsky - Complete writings on art, Volume 1, 1901-1921; Volume 2, 1922-1943* 1301
- PETER KEMP Hans K. Rueland and Jean K. Benjamin: *Kandinsky - Catalogue raisonné of the oil paintings, Volume 1, 1901-1915* 1301
- DAVID MONTROSE Tadeusz Konwicki: *A Minor Apocalypse* 1301
- T. J. BINYON Julian Evans (Editor): *Louisa Tully* 1301
- CHARLES ROSS K. B. McFarlane: *England in the Fifteenth Century - Collected essays* 1302
- PETER CLARK Lloyd Bunfield: *Marriage Settlements, 1601-1740 - The adoption of the strict settlement* 1302
- P. N. FURBANK Ian Anstruther: *Oscar Browning - A biography* 1303
- BRIAN FOTHERGILL Colin Simpson: *Emma - Life of Lady Hamilton* 1303
- D. W. BOWETT D. P. O'Connell: *The International Law of the Sea, Volume 1* 1304
- A. W. B. SIMPSON Mick Ryan: *The Politics of Penal Reform* 1304
- MAUREEN CAIN John A. Flood: *Barriers - Clerks - The law's middlemen* 1304
- JULIAN SYMONS James Leasor: *Who Killed Sir Harry Oakes?* 1305
- D. J. ENRIGHT James Thorpe: *John Milton - The Inner Life* 1306
- ANDREW MOTTON Eric Robinson (Editor): *John Clare's Autobiographical Writings* 1306
- RICHARD MURPHY Planter Stok (poem) 1306
- COLIN MCINN Hilary Putnam: *Realism and Reason - Philosophical papers, Volume 3* 1307
- ROBERT HEWISON Behind the lines 1308
- Among this week's contributors 1308
- Children's books 1308-1320
- Letters on Keynes, 'Edwin Drand', 'Soharic' 1321
- Commentary
- PETER KEMP *Good Behaviour* (BBC2) and *Our Man in Havana* (Radio 4) 1322
- HAROLD HOBSON Rhys Adrian: *Passing Time* (Radio 3) 1322
- RONALD HAYMAN Michel Tournier: *The Feticist* (The Falcon, Royal College Street, London NW1) 1322
- ROBERT VAS DIAS *Ezra Pound and Italy* (Istituto Veneto, Venice) 1322
- JOHN HOPE MASON Marivaux: *False Admissions and Successful Strategies* (Lyric Studio, Hammersmith) 1323
- ROGER LOCKYER William Dobson 1611-1646: *The Royalists at War* (National Portrait Gallery) 1323
- Author, Author 1323
- W. G. BEASLEY Edward Seidensticker: *Low City, High City - Tokyo from Edo to the earthquake* 1324
- J. A. A. STOCKWIN Roh Steven: *Classes in Contemporary Japan* 1324
- Tadahito Fukutake: *The Japanese Social Structure - Its evolution in the modern century* 1324
- GALEN STRAWSON Timothy Leary: *Flashbacks* 1325
- I. DEMADARIAGA Marc Racine: *The Well-Ordered Police State - Social and traditional change through law in the Germanies and Russia 1600-1800* 1325
- ROGER METTAM David Parker: *The Making of French Absolutism* 1326
- COLIN SMITH Brint Nelson: *Zola and the Bourgeoisie - A study of themes and techniques in 'Les Rougon-Macquart'* 1327
- MICHAEL TILBY Philippe Hureux: *Le Persuadé du roman - Les systèmes des personnages dans 'Les Rougon-Macquart'* 1327
- COLIN CROUCH Frederick J. Harris: *Encounters with Darkness - French and German writers on World War II* 1327
- George Sayers Bain (Editor): *Industrial Relations in Britain* 1328
- Robert Taylor: *Workers and the New Depression* 1328
- K. Prandy, A. Stewart and R. M. Blackhurst: *White-Collar Work* 1328
- Hilary Wainwright and Dave Elliott: *The Lucas Plan - A new trade unionism in the making?* 1328
- Oedeffrey Kay and James Mott: *Political Order and the Law of Labour* 1328
- L. D. BURNARD David Burnham: *The Rise of The Computer State - A chilling account of the computer's threat to society* 1328
- R. H. W. Dillford: *The First Man on the Moon* 1329
- JOHN CLUTE Paga Edwards: *Peggy Sahé* 1329
- BRIAN MORTON Winthrop Knowlton: *False Premises* 1329
- MARY KATHLEEN BENET William Kotzwinkle: *Christmas at Fontaine's* 1329
- ANTHONY HOROWITZ Mark Helprin: *Winter's Tale* 1329
- ALAN BOLD Lucy Freedman Sandler: *The Psalter of Robert De Lilie in the British Library* 1330
- C. R. DODWELL Bernard Adams: *London Illustrated 1604-1851 - A survey and index of topographical books and their plates* 1330
- DAVID PIPER Terry S. Reynolds: *Stronger Than a Hundred Men - A history of the vertical wheel* 1331
- NORMAN SMITH Stanley Cramp (Editor): *Handbook of the Birds of Europe, The Middle East and North Africa - The Birds of the Western Palearctic, Volume 3, Waders to Gulls* 1331
- REDMOND O'HANLON Stanley Cramp (Editor): *Handbook of the Birds of Europe, The Middle East and North Africa - The Birds of the Western Palearctic, Volume 3, Waders to Gulls* 1331
- JOHN NORTH Frank Durham and Robert D. Parrington: *Frame of the Universe - A history of physical cosmology* 1331
- Index of books reviewed 1331
- Crossword 1332

Cover picture: Max Peckstein's 1912 woodcut 'Akrobaten III', which will be sold at Sotheby's St George Street Gallery, 1 St George Street, London W1, on Wednesday, December 7.

The painture of prosperity

John Hayes

MICHAEL ROSENTHAL
Constable: The Painter and His Landscape
289pp, with colour and black-and-white illustrations. Yale University Press. £15.95.
0300 030142

Constable is one of the most generally loved of all British painters, and has seemed often one of the easiest to understand. We know a great deal about both his work and his life; indeed, with hardly an exception - Van Gogh is one - his career is better documented than that of any other major artist of a century earlier than our own. It is true that, in spite of the diligence of Ian Fleming-Williams, Leslie Parris and other Constable specialists, a high proportion of his exhibited work remains missing or unidentified, and we await the catalogue raisonné by Graham Reynolds and Charles Rlync, the first volume of which will appear next year; but it is possible none the less, as was demonstrated at the great Constable exhibition at the Tate Gallery in 1976, to follow his painting in all its variety almost year by year. Moreover, the progress of his work, his intentions and frustrations regarding it, his attitudes and feelings towards art in general and the art world in particular, the nature of his emotions and the circumstances of his daily life, are intimately known from a voluminous, highly articulate and, for the most part, very frank correspondence, now fully published.

Yet our view of Constable, historically never more than partial, as Conal Shields has shown in a brilliant essay, remains out of focus; the late Basil Taylor, an extremely sensitive critic, confessed that, "after looking at his work persistently for over thirty years", he continued to find it "more perplexing than general opinion has told me I should". For the Victorians Constable was far from perplexing; he formed part of the pastoral myth, unfolding a vision of rural life as singularly attractive to a newly industrialized nation, and was to this extent associated with the Gainsboroughesque; the great, refined generalizations of his mediocre biographer, F. W. Watts, satisfied the same emotional need, and Constable's sketches were neither acceptable nor admired when they were first shown in the 1830s. By the turn of the century this attitude was changing, and for the next fifty or sixty years it was precisely the oil sketches and studies, in which natural appearances were transcribed with such breathtaking accuracy and brilliance, that were regarded as the essence of Constable's achievement. So much so that, when in 1965 Graham Reynolds published his *Constable the Natural Painter*, still the most lucid and balanced general account of the artist, he felt it necessary to counterbalance this bias by stressing Constable's gifts as a pictorial designer, and the importance of the large-scale printings of the *Stour*, the great six-footers for which the painter reserved "his most intense intellectual labour, and on which he staked his own claim to the regard of posterity". Basil Taylor, writing a decade later, in 1973, placed his emphasis differently, on the increasingly powerful and

after 1828, dark emotions with which Constable charged his landscapes; for him the key work was the sombre and stormy "Hadleigh Castle" rather than "The Hay Wain". Now, ten years later still, following significant but controversial essays by John Barrell (1980) and Ronald Paulson (1982), we have Michael Rosenthal's interpretation.

Rosenthal's thesis is that Constable was essentially the painter of a locality, the Stour Valley, in which his family lived and worked, and that, in their iconography, his pictures of this region reflect contemporary ideology; accordingly, it is this topic upon which he focuses. The author is well equipped for his inquiry, since he was brought up near Nayland, thus knows Constable's country intimately,



"The Bridges Family" by Constable, who lived with the family while he painted their portrait in 1804. Bridges was a business associate of the artist's father Golding - who had grown prosperous through milling, trade and transport - and this portrait is typical of Constable's early exploitation of his family's social contacts.

and has added research into social and economic, especially agricultural, history, to a knowledge of local affairs and much reading in the literature of the period. His argument runs as follows, and the first part of it is unexceptionable: Constable was the son of a prosperous farmer, mill-owner and entrepreneur in a county deeply proud of its agricultural superiority; with the principal part of his income derived from the land, he identified with the farming interest and the maintenance of the status quo, was ultra-Tory in his political outlook, and accepted the notion of a divinely ordered world. His love of the country round his birthplace, his belief that the particular reflected the divine, and his passion for truth, all stimulated contemplation for his fellow-students at the Academy - concerned largely, as he thought, with execution and a facileous bravura - and set him on the path of what he called "natural painture".

Unlike most contemporary, and many earlier, landscape painters, Constable did not tour Britain in search of suitable, picturesque sub-

jects; he did not even seek out the scenery of the nearby Orwell, recognized as painters' country; he was exceptional, indeed revolutionary, in his stay-at-home habits and his steady concern for place, concentrating, from 1811, on the very specific area of the Stour Valley. He wrote of the "endless beauties of this happy country", developed an astonishing proficiency in sketching from nature in oil, and gradually took to painting larger, finished works *en plein air* ("Boat Building at Flatford" and "View of Dedham", both 1814). In these examples of a perfected "natural painture", and the six-footers which led up to "The Hay Wain", Constable consistently used a high viewpoint, thus introducing a sweep of land to contain significant rural detail illustrating the

removed from significant concern with literary, topographical, political, social or other elements.

This is considered and consistently argued view, and it reflects a fashionable trend in art history. Recently, in British landscape studies, we have had John Barrell's investigation of the rural poor in the painting of Gainsborough, Morland and Constable - Rosenthal acknowledges a particular debt to Barrell - and David Solkin's re-interpretation, in very precise political terms, of Richard Wilson. In the cases of Wilson and Gainsborough we have no reason to suspect political motivation, certainly not subscription to what Solkin calls a "patrician mythology": they were both very independent-minded men. Of course, even non-committed artists may express in their work reactions to particular circumstances they see around them, and many of Gainsborough's later landscapes do reflect, in a general way, a Goldsmithian nostalgia for a way of life that was slowly passing; but to say of his *Idylls* of these years representing peasants going to, or returning from, market, as Rosenthal does here, that "there was little pleasing dolence . . . Gainsborough's figures have become dislocated, and were always travelling . . . the painting of a constantly moving poor may have been his response to the introduction of a capitalistically rationalised economy" is wrong on the first count and seems to me otherwise to stretch the visual evidence.

It is similar politically loaded overstatement that I find disturbing in Rosenthal's account of Constable, who, as we have seen, was a person with substantial vested interests and of pronounced political views, and may justifiably be studied in this light. Can we believe, for example, that the juxtaposition in "Wivenhoe Park" of "ornamental swan with tolling fishermen" (note Rosenthal's adjectives) was really intended to help suggest a combination of beauty with utility in a gentleman's park that would be appreciated in terms of the rural harmony? Was the choice of viewpoint for the glimpse of Willy Lott's cottage in "The White Horse" really deliberate, "to contrast with the country house composition, and reflect approval of the social hierarchy by inferring that on his level Lott displayed the same laudable characteristics as Rebow [of Wivenhoe Park] did on his"? Does the dunghill in the 1814 "View of Dedham" really take "pride of place" as a symbol of agricultural progress, hence of social and cultural perfection: "manure, essential for heavier crops, indicated that these farmers knew their business. Bigger yields increased profits, which was not only to the advantage of the farmer, but also the nation"? Inferences such as these are unconvincing.

Where Rosenthal is excellent is on Constable's interests in literature. Constable regarded "The Ancient Mariner" as the finest modern poem, but it was with the works of Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith and, above all, Cowper, rather than Wordsworth and the Romantic poets (Byron he came to exorcise) that he was intimately familiar. The significance for him, and popularity, of the Suffolk poet Robert Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, a

November Books from Yale

Which Road to the Past?

Two Views of History
Robert William Fogel and G. R. Elton
Two distinguished historians, one an advocate of the new scientific "cliometric" history and the other a traditional historian, debate the validity of their respective methods of studying the past. £9.95

The Command and Control of Nuclear Forces

Paul Bracken
This chilling study of nuclear force management shows how American and Soviet nuclear command systems would react in a crisis. £14.95

Marx's Social Critique of Culture

Louis Dupré
This study sheds new light on Marx's achievement by presenting a critical reading of his interpretation of culture. £18.00

Selling Art in Georgian London

The Rise of Arthur Pond
Louise Lippincott
This lively picture of the London art world during the mid-eighteenth century focuses on the life and work of Arthur Pond, a dealer and printseller.
Published by the Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art. 40 illus. £20.00

The Diary of Joseph Farington

Volume XI and XII
edited by Kathryn Cave
These volumes give accounts of Academy exhibitions from 1811 to 1813 and discuss the political events of the time.
Published by the Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art. 2 vols. £50.00

Methods of Book Design

Third Edition
Hugh Williamson
This classic work, called "the Bible of book-production", has now been completely updated to cover the innumerable innovations in book production during the last decades. Cloth £20.00
Paper £9.95

Plato's Sophist

The Drama of Original and Image
Stanley Rosen
This is the first full-length study of the *Sophist* in English and the most complete in any language. £22.50

Capitalism and the Welfare State

Dilemmas of Social Benevolence
Neil Gilbert
Gilbert investigates the proper functions and scope of social welfare in a capitalist economy. £15.25

The Burger Court

The Counter-Revolution That Wasn't
edited by Vincent Blasi
Foreword by Anthony Lewis
Some of America's leading legal scholars evaluate different areas of Supreme Court decision making since the appointment of Warren Burger as chief justice of the United States in 1969. £22.50

Yale University Press

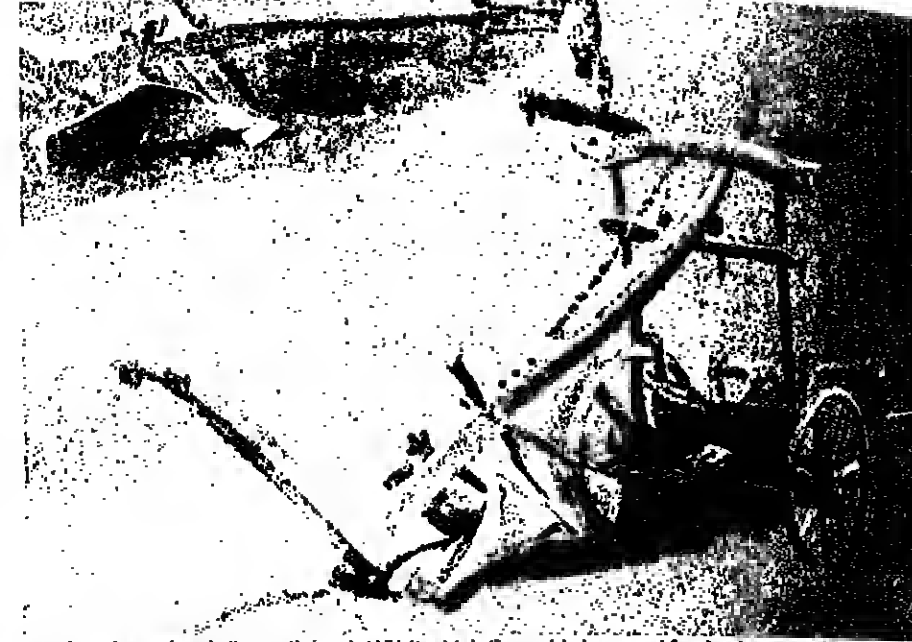
13 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3JF

georgic pastoral published in 1890, from which the painter derived a couplet to accompany his "Ploughing Scene in Suffolk" in the 1814 Academy catalogue, is stressed. No doubt there is a parallel between Constable's proud and meticulous depiction of the everyday scenes of the Stour Valley and the ethos of such works. Rosenthal believes that the parallel extends to style, that Constable's detail-filled landscapes, viewed as if from a slight eminence, reflect the eighteenth-century poets' delight in prospect, in surveying a scene of multifarious activities, enumerating its details, and then drawing a moral; but this poetic vision (not the moralizing) itself derives from Rubens and seventeenth-century prospect painting, and Rubens was, of course, a major influence on Constable.

Constable frequently declared that to him painting was a moral duty, but his moral, in the 1810s, lay simply in the equivalence in his landscapes to the universal Sir Joshua Reynolds sought from history painting: "Heaven's munificence" (Bloomfield), the sunshine, plenty and serenity around East Bergholt. Had this state of exaltation changed – and here we are reaching the crux of Rosenthal's argument – by the time he painted "The Lock" (1824) and "The Leaping Horse" (1825)? Rosenthal maintains that "The View on the Stour" (1822) is a landscape intermediary in a profound change of style. But is he justified in declaring so categorically that "an account of Constable's stylistic development must fail to explain the crisis of 1822"? Was there in fact a crisis in his style at all? For Graham Reynolds the six canal scenes "conform to a general pattern into which the artist has introduced a progressive development".

In pursuit of his thesis, Rosenthal devotes an entire chapter to the relationship between employers and employed in rural England, and

contemporary attitudes towards this problem, leading up to the Suffolk riots of 1821–2. Of course Constable was disturbed by this explosive situation – as much by the irresponsibility of the squire and rector at East Bergholt as by anything – but he was not astounded; life on the Stour did not cease to have credibility; as he wrote in 1825, he knew of old (and this is the point) what could happen when labourers gather together: "evil disposition are fanned . . . with any plan for the injury of the great – that may be ripe . . . remember I know these people well – having seen so many of them at my father's." Moreover, Constable was now working in London – his last protracted stay at Bergholt had been in 1817 – and there is only this single reference in his correspondence to the state of affairs in Suffolk. If one examines his painting at the time, it is true that, as Paulson also notes, 1822 marked certain changes in emphasis, notably a lower viewpoint. But the tenacity with which Constable pursued his theme – "driving a nail", as he put it – is a tendency much more remarkable. The imagery of these years is hardly purged of content, as Rosenthal asserts, nor is the spectator barred from the picture space. The lock-keeper in "The Lock" and the horse jumping the sluice in "The Leaping Horse" are Constable's most powerfully realized images of typical activity along the Stour, and the scenes almost bear down upon the spectator; indeed "The Lock" was the most successful of all Constable's rural scenes, and would not have been so without its strong narrative element. What he was also developing was a more varied response to weather and effect, and an astonishing dexterity, already evident in "The Hay Wain" (1821), at achieving it. Constable's first "sky-ing" dates from before the so-called crisis of 1822. Finally, it is worth remarking that it was one of the placid, "georgic" scenes, "Strat-



"Studies of two ploughs", an oil sketch (1814) which Constable later used for the ploughs in "The Cornfield" (1824) and "Snoke-by-Nayland" (1835); reproduced from Constable's England by Graham Reynolds (1983) Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.95, 0 297 78359 9.

ford Mill" (1820), by which Constable continued to want to be represented in exhibitions. As Rosenthal observes, by 1826 Constable was increasingly preoccupied with popular recognition and that elusive attainment, his election as an Academician.

The economic, social and ideological history affecting art is a subject not historians cannot afford to ignore, and John Barrell, though unashamedly provocative in his left-wing bias, has performed a valuable service in opening up new fields of inquiry in British landscape painting. But there are dangers which can attach to his approach: too hard a search for meaning in works of art, so that staffage, for example, may be invested with spurious symbolism, over-en-

thusiasm in the use of evidence in support of a hypothesis, an underlying rigidity in basic assumptions.

Rosenthal is deeply knowledgeable about his chosen painter; he has given us a most useful account of the Constable family background, and shrewd insights abound in his discussion of Constable's landscapes. There is much to be enjoyed in, and gained from, this book; but it is flawed by the annoying insistence of its principal contention. For a valid and sustained critical analysis one returns in the end to Reynolds, a scholar who has studied Constable at closer quarters and over a longer span than anyone alive. Not much has escaped his attention.

Metaphormorphosing

Peter Kemp

TADEUSZ KONWICKI
A Minor Apocalypse
Translated by Richard Lourie
222pp, Faber, £8.95.
0 571 13018 6

At one point, the central character in Tadeusz Konwicki's *A Minor Apocalypse* is given an injection by police interrogators which causes apologetic hypersensitivity. The novel itself seems the work of someone in just such a state.

In structure, it is classically simple – an account of the final day of a man preparing to burn himself to death as a gesture of political protest. In content, it is a baroque agglomeration of the loathsome. Tadeusz, the protagonist – a dried-up writer who drinks – views everything through nauseated jaundiced eyes. Not that there's much sign of anything inspiring wound him. The narrative opens "at the gloomy hour at which autumn's hopeless days begin". And, for the rest of the day, conditions remain grim. Cold winds rattle at badly-puttled window-panes. Rain seeps into dilapidated shoes. There is ball and, finally, snow.

The Warsaw through which Tadeusz wanders is equally dismal. Though a banner bearing the legend, "WE HAVE BUILT SOCIALISM" floats above the Congress Hall, disintegration is spectacularly apparent everywhere. With deafening symbolism, houses crash down; a bridge collapses; chunks of masonry regularly drop off the Palace of Culture. The population too – mainly drunk and demoralized – are going to pieces. Law and order has craved in. Nervous breakdowns proliferate. In the Congress Hall, a prominent Party dignitary denounces his comrades, then demagogically underdresses. Madmen roam the streets because "the psychiatric hospitals are packed with government officials of every sort". Nor is it just Party functionaries who are showing drastic signs of wear and tear. Dissidents, also, are badly mired by the stagnancy Konwicki's book declares: the feet of one would-be idealist look "as if they'd been boiled in formaldehyde"; another has a "greenish" grin.

Revolution pulses through the book but, as Konwicki ultimately seems to recognize, it is never channelled into anything strikingly effective. "My times," his writer-protagonist declares, "compelled me to monotony, unmodulated groans, stammers, repulsive hysteria, hurried stammerings, one-sided accusations, to a witness that was none too appealing."

For much of the novel, Konwicki appears to be engaged in some exacerbated but obscure setting of scores and drowling-up of accounts. As his hero rambles across Warsaw, he stumbles upon surreal or satiric, ferocious or farcical scenes of a semi-allegorical nature. There are contemptuous camouflages of stool-pigeons and sell-out, fellow-travellers taken for a ride by Russia. Varying artistic postures are displayed – often rather monumentally: as when a writer decries, "You have been blind, deaf and dumb, who in their marvellous artistic pastimes create beautiful, universal art." There is – in a film director, Wladyslaw Bulat – what

seems to be a scornful portrait of Andrzej Wajda. And Polish Catholicism gets similarly short shrift as a bunch of zealots congregates around a plaster statue and a dubious priest.

With the narrator's confessions of having "caressed puppets made of protein and loved sexless biological mannequins", or a phantasmagoric episode in which he encounters a reunion of his old mistresses gathered round a bonfire, the book becomes murky personal. On the other hand, Tadeusz's meeting and union with a girl called Hope – an illegitimate descendant of Lenin – is all too obvious in its purport. Partly, it is stressed, he must put his trust in what he calls "the mysterious feminine element borne here by the solar winds from the viscera of the universe", and partly in the "people, that biological river". Emotional paeans to the "people" – the book's final word, significantly – often peel rhetorically forth. Early in the narrative, it is affirmed that "In sin and holiness, in conformity and rebellion, in betrayal and redemption, they will bear the soul of the nation into eternity." By the novel's final pages, their function has become even more elevated: they "have created God . . . A God formed of our electromagnetic waves or some other sort of waves. . . . He will make us the chosen race."

It is to fire the people, the narrator eventually decides, that he must perform his act of self-immolation. After years spent smouldering with resentment, he will incinerate himself so that "A night of indifference, apathy, chaos" may be irradiated. His act is intended as an affirmative blow against indifference – seen here as Poland's most weighty burden: "Perhaps indifference, the child of mediocrity, is a volatile material like the mist which petrifies, forms crags, and rises to the sky in a mountainous mass while crushing our pitiable life".

As if in defiance of the narrowness and mediocrity it castigates, the novel bulges with cosmic imagery and exaggerated conceits. References to such things as "the ocean of chaos we call the universe" or "the inaudible groan of the aging cosmos" are rampant. Repeatedly, Konwicki's prose balloons with afflatus: "Somewhere out there in the abyss of the night, the Ukraine was dying, Lithuania was perishing, Belorussia was breathing its last. . . . An interstellar bell had rung its Angelus. The heart of the cosmos beat in alarm". Metaphor metamorphoses with such frequency that it luridly obscures what is supposed to be illuminating: the Palace of Culture, for instance, starts off looking like "a stone layer cake", later pops up as an "indecent erection", and finishes as a "gigantic fish". Overwrought over-writing takes on epidemic proportions: "Mercilessly, the genes passed the nastiness of the parents' occupations, the herpes of their moral abominations, the carbuncles of their venality on to the faces of their offspring".

Amidst the hysteria and hyperbole, there are some quietly effective touches – such as the narrator's needling, as part of his preparations, to buy Swedish matches at a hard-currency store since he doesn't rely on the efficacy of the local brands. But, over-inflamed by disgust, *A Minor Apocalypse* really burns itself out long before its hero nears his funeral pyre.

Criminal proceedings

PATRICIA ROBERTS

Under Prey
302pp, Chatto & Windus, £7.95.
0 7011 2330 9

Detective Jim Hackett of the NYPD's Missing Persons Bureau tracks an Irish psychopath, who happens to be a necrophiliac paedophile, through the New York of the 1930s, in the process irrevocably snuffing up his own life. The story has a fair amount of over-elaboration about it, both in style and content, and the author's time-warped was not quite powerful enough, the characters seem far too modern for their carefully depicted surroundings. The novel's chief competitor Patricia Roberts' *Under Prey* is a far more convincing and powerful novel. It is a remarkable first novel: a strange, uneasy story, powerfully narrated.

POSTAGE INLAND 16p ABROAD 21p
SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y.
U.S. POST OFFICE PERMIT NO. 1000 NEW YORK, N.Y.
TIMES NEWS PAPER CO. 100 N. ZEEB ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Metropolitomania

David Montrose

JULIAN EVANS (Editor)
London Tales
309pp, Hamish Hamilton, £8.95.
0 241 11123 4

A collection of new stories entitled *London Tales* might be expected to concentrate on what makes the capital unique: the area, measuring about six miles east-west, two miles north-south, at its very centre. Proximity to that golden rectangle apart, metropolitan life is essentially no different from provincial life. But the eighteen contributors to *London Tales*, all residents or past residents, were asked for stories "inspired by their portion of the city", a proviso that has induced artistic tunnel vision.

Geographical setting is in fact irrelevant to a number of these stories. It is beside the point that Michael Levey's "The Death Dish", a pale reworking of Scott Fitzgerald's "The Cut-Glass Bowl", takes place in West Brompton, and Peter Ackroyd's perfunctory depiction of an obsession with tattooing ("The Inheritance") in Chelsea; Maggie Gee's "Mornington Place" derives not from its eponymous location, but from this year's water-workers' strike. Perhaps in recognition of this irrelevance, Carlo Gebler puts inverted commas around the title ("W.J.") of a story that has nothing to do with one Amos Rubinsky living in that postal district, all to do with his son's suicide. Not that links between story and location have any intrinsic merit. "Outside Paddington" by Miles Kingston – a truncated chapter of accidents that begins when a passenger falls from a stationary train – and Giles Gordon's "A Bloomsbury Kidnapping", concerning the theft of a literary manuscript, could not be set anywhere else.

But each story still ends with a whimper after a promising start.

Generally unable to evoke a sense of place, the contributors instead drop names of localities, streets, and landmarks. Indeed, the narrator of G. Cabrera Infante's "The Phantom of the Esoldo" opens proceedings with a guided tour from his South Kensington home to the Esoldo cinema in Chelsea, the starting-point for clever-clever multiple narratives on the theme of The Phantom of the Opera. Sense of place is not, of course, a prerequisite for an effective story, as Francis King demonstrates with "Beakie", a study of a domineering mother and her young daughter, and Emma Tennant with her tale of the grotesque, "The Frog Prints". Nevertheless, the collection's outstanding stories do seem to impart something essential of their settings. In "Over the Bridge", Elizabeth Troop presents, like a prose Posy Simmonds, concurrent histories of a marriage in trendy Barnes and of two decades of radical chic, while Jane Gardam ("Rode by All with Pride") and Clive Sinclair ("Scriptio-bis") portray distinctive social enclaves: Gardam, sympathetically, the solid citizenry of Wimbledon; Sinclair, indecorously, the Jewry of Hendon.

Only Desmond Hogan's "Elysium" celebrates London. His narrator, having walked out on an unfaithful husband in Ireland, finds comfort and contentment in Notting Hill. Elsewhere, lamentation is the norm. Alannah Hopkin's apparently autobiographical "Ripe" rejects London altogether, commemorating a would-be writer's decision to quit Soho, where she drinks much, writes little, for rural Wales, where she gets her novel finished.

The overall impression of *London Tales* is of one more anthology of disparate stories by divers bands, one more mixture of the good, the bad, and the mediocre, with the good not being sufficiently so to outweigh the rest.

J.M. Coetzee LIFE & TIMES OF MICHAEL K Winner of the 1983 Booker Prize

"This is a truly astonishing novel. This marvellous book increases in power and authority . . . I finished *Life & Times of Michael K* in a state of elation, for all the misery and suffering it contains. I cannot recommend it highly enough."

Paul Bailey, *Standard*

"Memorable places of writing."

Nicholas Shrimpton, *Sunday Times*

"It is an astonishing book: lucid, graphic, sensitive, never overblown. The transitions . . . mark powerful but unstrained changes of gear. It is written without obvious anger but clearly with passion. It will go on haunting me."

Anthony Thwaite, *Observer*

"This powerful writer . . . It makes a strong and memorable novel."

Norman Shreppel, *Guardian*

"Beautifully written in a strong, plain, unpretentious style . . . distinguished by grim humour and powerful understatement."

Graham Lord, *Sunday Express*

£7.95

THE LISLE LETTERS

Edited by Muriel St. Clare Byrne

Selected and Arranged by Bridget Boland

"A publishing event, as well as a literary revelation . . . (the reader) experiences the sixteenth century just as the reader of Pepys' diary experiences the seventeenth century. This short selection, which I might say is beautifully printed and produced and very competently priced (is) well worth remembering. It is skillfully done too. Miss Boland has retained an appropriate amount of commentary and the joins are difficult to detect. The flavour of the larger original comes through strongly."

John Kenyon, *Observer*

"A brilliant abridgement . . . Muriel St. Clare Byrne's commentary linking the Letters is masterly in its presentation of a coherent narrative that is unimpaired and unimpaired without ever becoming too colloquial. Hugh Trevor-Roper's Foreword is also just what is required to put the circumstances in historical perspective."

Anthony Powell, *Daily Telegraph*

"(Bridget Boland) has somehow contrived to preserve Miss Byrne's exquisite balance of commentary and quotation and her interweaving of letters illustrative of the fabric of life with letters advancing a narrative upon which no novelist could improve."

Richard Luskett, *Standard*

"The collection is of outstanding political and social interest, based on Lord Lisle's governorship of Calais. . . . No other single collection reveals so much witness of the period."

Peter Vansittart, *Guardian*

£12.50

Secker & Warburg

John Gage

KENNETH C. LINDSAY and PETER VERGO
Kandinsky: Complete Writings on Art

Volume One (1901–1921)
Volume Two (1922–1943)

924pp, with black and white illustrations.
Faber, £35 per set.

0 571 11935 2 – Volume 1
0 571 11936 0 – Volume 2

HANS K. ROETHL and JEAN K. BENJAMIN
Kandinsky: Catalogue Raisonné of the Oil Paintings, Volume One, 1900–1915

558pp, with colour and black and white illustrations. Sotheby Publications, £75.

0 85667 149 5

When Wassily Kandinsky published a quite unexceptionable note on "Concrete Art" in the *London Bulletin* in 1939, the editors felt bound to disclaim responsibility for its content. Yet even this most radical painter of the European avant-garde had not always been unwelcome in this country, and still less in the United States. Between 1909 and 1914 a number of his most original compositions, mainly from the collection of Arthur Jerome Eddy, of Chicago, were shown by the Allied Artists' Association at the Albert Hall in London, and received in due course sympathetic notices from Roger Fry. Other works, from the collection of the educational reformer Sir Michael Sadler, were also shown in London in 1913, under Fry's auspices, and the following year his son, M.T.H. Sadler (later Michael Sadler), and confederate with his father by Roethel and Benjamin, translated Kandinsky's most important early text, *Über das Geistige in der Kunst*, under a title, *The Art of Spiritual Harmony*, which takes it misleadingly close to theosophical literature of the period. As Sadler wrote dramatically in 1949, "aesthetic theory was then as much beyond my comprehension as it still is". In the United States, Kandinsky was represented in the New York Armory Show of 1913 and shown at the Steiglitz Gallery on Fifth Avenue; and Eddy included a number of substantial extracts from his letters in *Cubism and Post-Impressionism* (1914).

It is thus entirely appropriate that we should have a substantial collection of Kandinsky's

writings in English, and that the standard catalogue of his works should be in that language. Both publications are welcome, the catalogue perhaps most for its visual documentation, including many high-quality colour-plates, and the *Writings* for their excellent translations (mainly by Peter Vergo) and their scrupulous attention to the bibliographical complexities of the painter's publications in several languages. Although the major texts have been available in English for some time, it is useful for the Anglo-American reader to have access to many lesser-known articles and interviews, especially of the earliest period, when Kandinsky's rather unexpected wit is deployed more amply than in the late years of passionate advocacy.

And yet neither of these books fulfils the promise of its title. In their preface, Kenneth C. Lindsay and Peter Vergo describe their work more accurately as "all of Kandinsky's writings on art published during his lifetime, as well as a selection of interviews and lecture notes". Many essays and notes not published by the artist are already available in French and Italian translations, and will soon be in German; perhaps there are special reasons for their not appearing here; but, if so, they should surely have been stated. Lindsay and Vergo's editorial policy leads, for example, to the anomaly of translating the short extract of Kandinsky's stage composition, *Violent*, which was published in *Bauhaus* in 1927, but not the whole text of 1914, which is in the French and Italian editions of *Sens*. It is, in any case, rather surprising to find this and another stage-work, *The Yellow Sound*, as well as a considerable body of poetry, in a collection of writings on art, and one, moreover, which is clearly devoted first of all to an academic public. These volumes are handsomely designed (by Barbara Anderson) and the editors have taken the trouble to ensure the correct juxtaposition of text and image; but in the case of the most important collection of poems, *Journal* (1912), the large colour-woodcuts have been omitted for reasons of economy, which undermines the integrity of the enterprise. The function of this book, however useful, does not seem to have been thought out very clearly.

If Lindsay and Vergo have given us a collection of Kandinsky's writings, it is one which less

than "complete", Hans K. Roethel and Jean K. Benjamin's catalogue of the oeuvre is anything but *raisonné*. They have modelled their entries on the handlists kept by Kandinsky and his mistress Gabriele Münter, which were confined to the barest documentation. A catalogue is not where we should necessarily expect to find an assessment of a painter's methods, but a discussion of Münter's ambiguous term *ibermal* in her lists leads here to the astonishing judgment: "Because of Kandinsky's definitive vision of a work that he had in mind, there are, generally speaking, no 'pentimenti' in his paintings." Kandinsky's own vivid account of the painting of "Composition VI" (1913, now in the Hermitage) makes nonsense of this claim; but it is one which perhaps helps to account for Roethel and Benjamin's casualness in the listing of preparatory materials for the artist's finished works. Usually we are sent vaguely to one of a number of other publications without any discussion of the relationship to the work in hand. Roethel and Benjamin claim that their dating is often based on stylistic criteria, but their visual assessments do not always carry conviction, and they are never argued. A lost work, No 323, is dated 1910 rather than 1909 simply on the basis of a thumbnail pencil sketch by the artist; the "sketch" and the painting reproduced under No 427 (another lost work) seem to be of quite different designs, the former relating more closely to No 433. It is not easy to see why the glass-painting version of "Woman in Moscow" (No 431) should be earlier than the version on canvas (No 434). A small painting of 1910, "Landscape with Rain" (No 341) is hardly a "study" for the large canvas of 1913 now in New York (No 458). Kandinsky simply picked up and used the earlier design.

These details are symptoms of a pervasive carelessness in the whole compilation. Exhibitions are listed only up to the mid-1970s; bibliographical references are very few, often confined to Grohmann's standard study of twenty-five years ago. There is, for example, no reference to Jonathan Fineberg's suggestion that "The Blue Rider" of 1903 (No 82) was included in the first major retrospective exhibition of Kandinsky's work, at Angers in 1907. (Fineberg's important work on Kandinsky and France seems to have been overlooked gener-

ally in this catalogue, and even Lindsay and Vergo irritatingly refer only to his unpublished dissertation of 1975 and not the summary published in *Art History*, 11, 1979.) Although this is generally a finely produced volume there are some serious editorial slips: No 340 is reproduced upside-down (no joke with Kandinsky), and No 411 without Kandinsky's own painted frame. An important oil relating to "Composition VII" (GMS 63 in the *Städtische Galerie* in Munich) has been omitted.

Perhaps the least satisfactory feature of the catalogue as a whole is the decision to include only paintings in "olls". Roethel and Benjamin admit that Kandinsky often mixed his media, and their policy has deprived us of the opportunity of seeing the development of the painter's ideas, especially in the crucial years immediately preceding the first non-figurative works. In the early years of the century, Kandinsky developed his imaginative art more exclusively in the form of graphics and tempera or gouache paintings, reserving oil sketching from nature. About 1908 the distinction became blurred, and Kandinsky began to introduce the broad colouristic and painterly methods of the sketcher into large-scale pictures on literary and figurative themes, which were to develop into the objective style of c1911–14. The most important catalyst may well have been the painter's 1908 collaboration with the composer Alexander von Hartmann, and the dancer Alexandra Sacharoff on a number of compositions for the stage, none of which were, however, produced during Kandinsky's lifetime. These works mandated not simply the extraordinary gifts of the synaesthesia which Kandinsky possessed, but far larger and stronger colouristic effects than he had hitherto used in his imaginative work. The artificial restrictions of the present catalogue, as well as its general disregard for the understanding of an artist whose achievement lies less in the individual works than in the wholeness of his vision.

POSTAGE INLAND 16p ABROAD 21p

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y.
U.S. POST OFFICE PERMIT NO. 1000 NEW YORK, N.Y.
TIMES NEWS PAPER CO. 100 N. ZEEB ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

JP 311 101550

Troubled waters

D. W. Bowett

D. P. O'CONNELL
The International Law of the Sea: Volume 1.
Edited by I. A. Shearer
634pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £40.
019825346X

When he died in 1979, at the age of fifty-four, D. P. O'Connell was the holder of the Chichele Chair of International Law at Oxford. The publication of this first volume of a two-volume work on the law of the sea has been the charge of one of his former pupils, Professor I. A. Shearer of Sydney University. It has been his task to gather together O'Connell's many writings on the law of the sea, his manuscripts for new sections of the work, and up-date the work to the end of 1981.

O'Connell was a New Zealander by birth, but an academic at Adelaide from 1953 to 1972 before he came to Oxford. His interests, outside the law, were in history (he wrote a biography of Richelieu) and the navy (he was a Commander in the Australian Naval Reserve). These interests are manifest in this work.

His approach to most legal issues is historical. Whether dealing with the historical evolution of the general principles of the law of the sea or quite specific questions, such as the extent of territorial waters, the regime of bays, innocent passage or fishery zones, his analysis always involves a detailed examination of the history of the matter before he essays a commentary on the contemporary law. It is an approach which will irritate some readers. The new states of Africa and Asia are unlikely to be interested in, or impressed by, the great doctrinal controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in which Grotius, Selden,

Godolphin, Kestner, among many others, played so prominent a part. Nor will they care much for the quaint practices of states in the seventeenth century, such as the claim by the Crown to the "King's Chambers". Yet O'Connell is right. For the reason of the rule is explicable most commonly in historical terms, and only in those terms.

Moreover, O'Connell is not just a historian. He tries to grapple with the new knowledge which must be understood by any good international lawyer. His discussion of the legal regime of the seabed is prefaced by a discussion of the contribution of two branches of earth sciences—geology and geophysics—to the definition of that area of the seabed which, as a "natural prolongation" of the land-mass, may attach to a coastal state *ipso jure*. His conclusion that scientists cannot define, precisely, where continental crust ends and oceanic crust begins, was perhaps predictable. Yet this is not because he believes, complacently, that the lawyers have the answer. In fact, his real conclusion is that all these legal concepts have an essentially political purpose, and the lawyers, in recognizing this, must recognize the limitations to their own science, if this is conceived as the rather mechanical application of rules to the facts. Thus, in a striking comment on "historic waters", a concept generally assumed to rest on historical evidence of claims made, and acquiesced in, over long periods, he says, "it is likely that the category of historic waters will change its fundamental character, so that history will play a less prominent role than one would reasonably expect, and strategic and economic factors a much greater one... the expression 'historic bays' will be retained only as a label for 'vital bays'." This is precisely what is happening. How else would one explain China's claim to treat Potal Bay as internal

waters, or the Libyan claim to the Gulf of Sirte? In short, the concept is itself changing and O'Connell, for all his predilections for history, is quick to recognize that this exclusively historical basis for the concept is disappearing.

Thus, a key to an understanding of what is now happening to the law of the sea lies in the political—and economic—forces which nowadays shape the claims of states to jurisdiction and control over the seas and their resources. The extension of the territorial sea from three to twelve miles, the new claims to a two-hundred miles Exclusive Economic Zone, a continental shelf to the outer edge of the continental margin, to archipelagic states, to jurisdiction over pollution and scientific research: these are all explicable as extensions of power so as to control activities and resources. As O'Connell says in his preface, "national policies on the law of the sea are a compound of interests which often are basically irreconcilable". Yet the seemingly endless series of negotiations of the UN Law of the Sea Conference did, in fact, end in 1982 with what many had hoped would be a reconciliation of these conflicting national interests: a "package deal", in the form of the 1982 Convention on the Law of the Sea. O'Connell did not live to

see the rejection of this package by the Reagan Administration, and by governments like our own. The facts have been noted by Professor Shearer, as part of the changing process. However, we lack O'Connell's vision as to what the position now is. Can the non-signatories, like the US and UK, accept some of the package but not the rest? Can they independently authorize the mining of the deep seabed, beyond national jurisdiction, which the Convention vests in the new International Authority as "the common heritage of mankind" or would that be an illegal act of trespass? These are the new questions and to these, unfortunately, O'Connell provides no answers.

Nevertheless, no one looking for the answers can safely overlook this massive work. When the second volume is published it will present a body of knowledge which is impressive in its range and indispensable to the researcher. It may also help the layman and the student to understand what international law is all about (even though the book deals with only one part of that law). It is certainly about things that matter and any reader will quickly understand why international lawyers have been asked by students to demonstrate the "relevance" of what they teach.

Emptying the prisons

A. W. B. Simpson

MICK RYAN
The Politics of Penal Reform
150pp. Longman. Paperback, £3.95.
0582295394

The Politics of Penal Reform is part of the "Politics Today" series, of which six volumes have so far been published and six more are to come; the series is a scaled-down continuation of Fontana's "Political Issues in Modern Britain", likewise edited by Bernard Crick and Patrick Seyd. The text starts with a historical account of the penal system of England, Wales and Northern Ireland (I am not sure if Scotland is covered or not) since 1945. This is followed by a discussion of the institutions involved in the development of penal policy, such as the Home Office, and such pressure groups as the Howard League and Radical Alternatives to Imprisonment. The book concludes with a brief discussion of the possibilities of reducing the size of the prison population, and adds a useful short bibliography, which would have been more useful still if it had included references to the more important official publications which anyone interested in the subject needs to read.

It is unfortunate for the author that his book came out before the new Home Secretary set out at the Conservative Party Conference his plan to reduce the prison population while buying the political support he requires by promising to look up the worst offenders for longer terms. But Mick Ryan has produced a readable little book, and there is no claim to political neutrality in the writing, which belongs to the world of the Guardian. Indeed, the editors make a particular point of this aspect of the series, saying brightly: "Politics is too important for neutrality", but adding, puzzlingly, "but therefore demanding of objectivity".

The main thrust of Mr Ryan's argument is against the use of imprisonment as a penal sanction: it is, in the prisons which everyone concedes, are in a awful state, that he locates the supposed crisis in the penal system, and this crisis, in its turn, presented as a consequence of a recent move towards a more authoritarian policing of an increasingly divided society. This sort of explanation, which in some circles is standard, derives whatever plausibility it possesses from the adoption of a very short historical time-scale. There have, it is true, been periods of official satisfaction with the penal system in the past (its subjects were not consulted), but they have been unbalanced: crisis has been a more normal state of affairs. The present crisis has been created by the relentless rise both in crime as known to and recorded by the police and in the prison population, notwithstanding the dramatic reduction in the use of imprisonment by the courts. If they still used

imprisonment to the extent which was usual fifty years ago, heaven knows what the size of the prisons would now be. The only serious humanitarian measure to deal with the problem of the prisons is to operate a one-out system (exempting only specially dangerous prisoners) but, public opinion apart, the judiciary would die in the attempt to prevent this.

Against this background of crisis, what has put penology into a state of emergency has been the collapse of the belief in rehabilitation and reform. This has been accompanied by an increasing pessimism in official and intellectual circles about the actual effectiveness of the movement to place penology on a secure policy basis, and, using hard empirical data, to form both the policy-makers and the courts. Ryan is himself affected by this pessimism, and reflects the tendency to criticize the penal system in terms of ethical notions—typically, human rights—instead of in terms of supposed scientific theories of efficacy. In retrospect, indeed, much of the penological research which has been published in modern times looks like going the way of Lombroso's criminal typology. Thus the concentration of effort on measuring the effects of penal measures on convicted individuals, typically judged by conviction rates, may well have been quite fundamentally misconceived. Put crudely, national justice systems ought not to be judged by their effects on criminals, but on society generally, and we are at the present uncertain as to how such a judgment could be made. The need of public opinion on the operation of the penal system, about which a little is known, in one of the many areas which deserve fuller exploration, we are ever to begin to assess the system in more fruitful way.

There are signs of changes in the direction of research—for example, attempts to measure the size of the dark figure of unreported crime—but we still need far more information on the very mundane character on how the penal system actually works. For example, there are large gaps in understanding the effects of policing, and its relationship with other aspects of the expeditious justice system. How a penal policy can be developed in ignorance of the workings of the penal system is problematic. So far as the pressure groups involved in the penal system are concerned, Mr Ryan might perhaps have directed more attention to the shadowy role of the Justice and Senior Judiciary in the political negotiation. His short and impressionistic discussion of the politics of penology may help to generate a more informed interest in the problems of crime, at present, no obvious sign of courage at the same time a more realistic attitude to the inmates of our

Calling in the Mafia

Julian Symons

JAMES LEASOR
Who Killed Sir Harry Oakes?
249pp. Heinemann. £8.95.
043410292

"As he shook Jack's hand with forced heartiness, he found himself imagining Jack caressing Carole, holding her, touching her, as she liked to be touched."

Steady there: has the wrong book got between the dust wrappers that ask: "Who Killed Sir Harry Oakes?" Try again:

"I thought I'd play a round of golf before lunch," he said diffidently, prepared to abandon the proposition if it caused displeasure.

"You do that," the Duchess replied. "I'll go out to lunch. There will be ten tonight for dinner. Tell the butler."

That was the Duke and Duchess of Windsor talking, with James Leasor presumably a mosquito on the wall. But this still seems to have little connection with the question about Sir Harry Oakes. What does that question mean, and how does Jack's caressing of Carole and the Widosors' imagined conversation help to answer it?

Oakes was a gold prospector who had made a fortune when he found what was said to be the second richest goldfield in the world in Ontario. He had come to live in the Bahamas in the 1930s to avoid income tax, and in his nine years there had spent and given money lavishly to help the islands. On a July night in 1943 he was murdered, his body found the following morning in his bedroom, partly buried but still perfectly recognizable. He had been killed by a blow to the head causing a brain haemorrhage. His friend Harold Christie, a local estate agent who had stayed the night, found the body on the following morning. He had heard nothing during the night. The Duke of Windsor, Governor-General of the Bahamas, took a personal hand in the enquiry, which was natural enough since he was friendly with Oakes. He telephoned Miami to ask for Captains Barker and

Melchen, respectively fingerprint and homicide experts, to handle the case.

Within days the two detectives had ordered the arrest of Oakes's son-in-law, a fast-talking playboy named Alfred de Marigny. He was acquitted after a trial at which the "experts" were shown to be ludicrously inefficient. The prime evidence against Marigny was a print said to have been found on a screen in Oakes's bedroom. Barker had left his fingerprint camera in Miami, and so lifted the prints, some on to rubber which destroyed the originals. The screen print was one of those lifted on to rubber, and there was only Barker's word that it had ever existed on the screen. He also wrongly identified the place where he had allegedly found the print, and was unable even to say which way the finger was pointing. Melchen had been mistaken, or had lied, about other matters. The defence counsel plainly accused these expert witnesses of perjury. The crime remained unsolved.

The first chapters of Mr Leasor's book tell the story of the crime and the trial straightforwardly enough, although with the omission of some important points. One of them was the discovery by Major Pemberton, head of the local CID, of a towel with bloodstains on it in Christie's room, and his strange forgetfulness about this in the Magistrates' Court hearing. The account of the case in the later chapters, however, seems to be almost complete fiction. Taking as his guide a remark made by Eric Stanley Gardner, who reported the trial, that facts should never spoil a good story, Leasor has used "facts since made available in Washington and elsewhere", and added "some conjectures" to put together "a possible answer" to the puzzle. The answer is written in a style that might be the tenth carbon copy of a book written by Harold Robbins with the advice of Mario Puzo.

The "possible answer" runs like this. The Outfit, for which read Cosa Nostra or the Mafia, is eager to get a stake in the Bahamas. "They're a natural", Meyer Lansky tells the imprisoned Lucky Luciano at a time when the

Italian is still languishing in jail. They will build a hotel there, fly in "plane-loads of suckers for a weekend of gambling", enlarge the business over the years. Their emissary is Frank Marshall, his contact in Nassau that Jack whom Frank imagines caressing his former girl friend Carole. There is a snag, however, in that gambling is forbidden by Bahamian law. Through the Mafia, Marshall tries to blackmail the three men on the island whose agreement to the hotel project is vital: Christie, Oakes and the Duke of Windsor. Christie was a former bootlegger, and all three had been involved in deals with a pro-Nazi millionaire named Axel Wenner-Gren. "Would the former King of England really like the world to think that while his country was fighting for its life, he could conceivably be involved with a known Nazi sympathizer?" Marshall says to Jack. When the three potential victims talk about the threat, Christie is inclined to agree. If such material was given to Walter Winchell for his column, the results would be appalling. "Think what the Duchess would say," Oakes, however, stands out against the scheme, and so seals his fate. Marshall arranges for him to be drugged, and under a pretext takes him out to a launch moored off an island just outside Nassau. There is an argument, and Oakes is hit on the head with wrench by an (unnamed) engineer on the launch. This is the fatal blow. Marshall, Jack and the engineer take Oakes back to his house. Christie accompanies them. He is told to go to bed in his room, and the others then pour petrol from the boat over the corpse and set it alight, presumably hoping to conceal the fact of murder.

Such is the Leasor version, which contains several grace-notes like a telephone-call to the Duke on the following morning by somebody with an American accent who says that "it would be advisable if United States police carried out the investigation", and names Barker and Melchen as candidates. The Duke, who remembers Melchen from a visit to Miami, obediently picks up the telephone to ask for them...

It may be that facts should never spoil a good story, but they are disastrous to such inferior fiction. It is true that there are problems in the Oakes case that have never been solved, like Pemberton's strange failure of memory, and the fact that such a poor job was made of burning the body when the murderer(s) had most of the night at their disposal. There must certainly be strong suspicion that Christie (who later became Sir Harold) had a part in the crime, or at least knew more about it than he ever told. None of this implies acceptance of Leasor's farrago, a piece of work all the more distasteful because of the insistence that important aspects of it use "facts since made available in Washington and elsewhere". What facts? There are certainly what one supposes to be facts, for example in various memos quoted that relate to Wenner-Gren, but they do not in any way authenticate the Leasor version, nor of course do they justify the invented conversations attributed to the Windsors and many others. Two pages of bibliography list the numbers of papers from the Public Record Office and the National Archives at Washington, but no indication is given of what, if any, information they contain directly relevant to the Oakes murder. Some of the books included, like the Duke's *A King's Diary*, do not mention Oakes's name. There is one, however, to which Leasor owes a considerable debt. This is Marshall Houts's *King's X*, published in the US in 1972, in which the theory was advanced that Oakes had been killed by a lieutenant of Meyer Lansky. The theory is based on the evidence of an unnamed informant. When Houts's book appeared in Britain four years later the title was changed, and became *Who Killed Sir Harry Oakes?*

Jonathan Goodman's anthology *The Pleasures of Murder* (208pp. Alison and Busby. £8.95. 0 85031 512 3) contains descriptions of twenty celebrated murder cases, among them "a Bloody Murder in Fig-lane near St. Pancras Church" in 1685 and "A Massacre in Massachusetts", as related by Thoreau in 1849.

Advocates' advocate

Maureen Cain

JOHN FLOOD
Barristers' Clerks: The Law's Middlemen
164pp. Manchester: University Press. £17.50.
0719009286

This little book is lively, amusing, and intellectually honest. It is by no means as weighty in content as its price implies, but barristers and their clerks would enjoy reading it all the more for that. Saving only the sexism of the title (middle people or go-between would have more appropriately designated that quarter of senior clerks in the provinces who are, it seems, female) there is very little to take issue with.

The tone is set by a dust-jacket cartoon in which a clerk, with just the right hint of upward mobility in the hair-cut and attire, and bearing a smile of what can only be described as deferential amiguess, manipulates a puppet barrister while the curious judge peers down. At the end the author describes, disarmingly, how under the sponsorship of a senior clerk called George he gradually came to be known to and trusted by the clerks of the Temple, playing in their football team, drinking in their pubs, and even taking on the job for a time. As a result, on account of the professional camaraderie which even the tightest of hatches and which happily, the author has not academically bitten the tongue, by letting prior conceptualizations intrude upon his story, he prospectively by constructing an elaborate theorization of his account too heavy for this book to bear. The book is modest in the best possible sense of that term.

In the first two chapters John Flood presents basic information about what the clerks are, where they work, what they earn, and what opportunities and risks a career in clerking involves. We move imperceptibly from a discussion of the society literature to accounts and comments from the clerks themselves.

Out of the way, Flood moves on to describe the tensions inherent in the clerks' like combination of high power and low status with which the clerks confront their barristers. There are times when the barrister's deferential mode of address is barely sufficient to paper over the anger a clerk feels when, for

example, a barrister wantonly throws away a fee by failing to ring in for a brief, or by frequently changing the date for a consultation, to the great inconvenience of the only source of work, the solicitor.

Clerks' lives are ruled by status, by the dandy, by business-gaiting, and by camaraderie, not necessarily in that order. Status, explicitly revealed in the nice ties of modes of address ("I call him mister you call him sir; if I call him sir, you don't speak"), governs relationships within the clerks' office as well as between them and the two branches of the legal profession whose relationships they mediate.

The diary rules the office because clashes must be reduced to a minimum to keep solicitors happy while the income (and status) of both clerk and barrister requires that as many cases as possible be packed into a week. The account of the jockeying for position during listing sessions at the courts is reminiscent less of a horse-race than of trying to make oneself heard in a cup-final crowd.

Business-getting means keeping solicitors happy, which means perhaps being more honest with them about the skills of the people in your chambers than the latter would like. It may mean discriminating against black or women barristers in the fear of displeasing your solicitor. It also involves doing what you can to make sure that your barristers "do the line". Herein lies the ambiguity, for clerks depend on their barristers' skills, while the latter depend on their clerks, as pupils for their very start in life, and always for enough cases, good enough cases, and a fair estimation of their personal worth in the fee which the clerk fixes. The wheels of these processes are oiled by the camaraderie between clerks, which is more readily apparent than the inter-barrister rivalry that also forms part of the job. In the pub of the Temple reputations are made and unmade by the gossip of the clerks. But this is not idle malice: Clerks need this knowledge, and the give-and-take between their offices, which personal friendships make possible, in order to carry out their many and contradictory tasks.

In thus presenting a clerks' eye-view of the world Flood has done as proud as it can be to ask if the layman's eye-view of such things as packing a day with last-minute briefs might be different? And would it be beyond the wit of sociologists to find out?

JAPAN FROM A TO Z IN NINE VOLUMES

Without a doubt, the *Kodansha Encyclopedia of Japan* is the product of some of the finest minds of this century.

The *Kodansha Encyclopedia of Japan's* distinguished list of contributors and editors reads like a "Who's Who" of intellectuals: fourteen hundred men and women from fifteen countries around the world, experts in oriental studies, political science, literature, art and music, economics and business, sociology, anthropology, religion and linguistics.

Over half these scholars are non-Japanese, writing approximately 80% of the text from a Western point of view, in language and with references familiar to an English-reading audience. The remainder of the text was written first in Japanese, and offers valuable insights on Japan as she's known intimately by her

people. Signed articles make up a full 80% of the total entries. Over 4 million pages of printed material—75% of which are in Japanese—were used as reference for the *Kodansha Encyclopedia of Japan*, thus making available a veritable fund of information which up to now has been beyond the reach of any except those proficient in Japanese.

Planning and editing took place on both sides of the globe, in Kodansha's Tokyo office and at Harvard University. And the Advisory Committee consisted of outstanding authorities from both East and West, further assuring a thoroughly balanced consensus of opinion and the highest degree of objectivity, even on controversial subjects.

The net result is a truly staggering fund of knowledge and a significant contribution to the advancement of learning and mutual understanding in the world today.

KODANSHA ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAPAN

- 9 volume encyclopedia, 1,000 illustrations
- volumes 1-8: c. 384 pages each, 1-colour offset
- volume 9: Index, 212 pages
- approximately 10,000 entries, 3.9 million words
- entirely in English, with romanized Japanese
- price £400 the set

其
主

Produced in Japan by the Kodansha Group, a group of companies specializing in the publication of books, magazines, and other printed matter.

Mike Mansfield
U.S. Ambassador to Japan

PREMIER BOOK MARKETING

1 Gower Street, London WC1E 6JF. 01-636 6005

By divine appointment

D. J. Enright

JAMES THORPE
John Milton: The Inner Life
191pp. San Marino, CA: Huntington Library.
0873280792

"The Inner Life"? Do not for a moment suppose that Milton is about to be caught out engaged in diabolic practices or in proffering Eden-red apples to under-age Eves. James Thorpe is a gentleman-scholar, and the burden of his distinctly old-fashioned essay is that Milton believed in God. Perhaps we do need reminding of this; and if so, then preferably by someone who quotes well, at times almost too well for Milton's comfort. Certainly we shall never see Milton as in any way "humble" unless we recognize the force of that belief and its immediate implications.

Milton's belief in God marched with a belief in himself. Thus, in *Defence of Himself*: "Singular indeed is the favour of God towards me, that He has called me above all others to the defence of liberty . . ."; and in *Second Defence of the English People*: "I have been aided and enriched by the favour and assistance of God. Anything greater or more glorious than this I neither can, nor wish to, claim." The limitation ostensibly set upon self-esteem by that last sentence would be comical in anyone else. Even his blindness was an enrichment—"Through this infirmity I can be completed, perfected; in this darkness I can be filled with light"—as everything given by God (at least to his faithful servants) must self-evidently be. Logic was one of Milton's strong points—as we observe in the no doubt false and wicked but engagingly "human" logic which he so skillfully ascribes to the Fallen Angel.

Thorpe lists a trinity of "informing values", of which Milton's sense of his relationship to God is the first; the second is the sense of his relationship to his country, and the third, of his relationship to his fellow men. In discussing which Thorpe takes us through the study of languages, philosophy, mathematics and music—that Milton deemed only proper: an idea remote from later and (if one dare use the slippery adjective) "romantic" notions of the poet as a sort of inspired word-processor with no need to know the history that lies just behind the words. Third is Milton's sense of virtue, as most famously present in his declaration, in *An Apology for Smectonius*, that he who hopes to write well "in laudable things" ought himself to be "a true poet, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things". Again, romantic (though not necessarily Romantic) expectations are very different; the poet belongs as a composition and pattern of the worst disasters, preferably spread lavishly around. The devil has come to have practically all the best tunes—a judgment one is tempted to apply to *Paradise Lost*, since no one has conclusively demolished Blake's view of the matter, the view held with differing emphases

by Byron, Shelley and William Empson among others: and this despite all the theological arguments, and (come to that) despite Milton's faith in God. Truly to love Milton's God you need to be unfeeling.

On the question of liberty, Thorpe indicates that for Milton its necessity was linked with God; in brief, men should be free to serve God. Liberty from God was no mere envisaged then—and perhaps it is only now that one can say this without sounding utterly idiotic—the ringing tones of *Areopagitica* were intended to cheer the ears of the pornographer. As for fame, it is a mere "blaze", merely "the people's praise", and what matters is how the all-judging Judge "pronounces lastly on each deed". Even so, Milton would desire fame since it enhanced his effectiveness as a servant of God. (Today he would be seen and heard on TV.)

Apres of Milton's self-esteem, his declared opinion of himself, Thorpe remarks that "the unusual degree of his straightforwardness may lead us (if we are not careful) to a harsher judgment of him than the facts warrant". We shall need to be very careful. You not only may but you should blow your own trumpet when you have good cause to blow it (and not leave the best tunes to the devil). False modesty is false, the more so when it has to do with "liberty's defence, my noble task, / Of which all Europe talks from side to side". After all, Mil-

ton was right: right in believing not only that he was primarily a poet but also (we take it) that primarily he was writing to the greater glory of God. And of course he backed up his self-esteem with unimpeachable courage and fortitude: there was no feather-hedding there.

Thorpe reminds us that those were robust times, and in verbal warfare one wanted not nunciate but a clashing of swords and bucklers and a full-hunged blowing of trumpets. "Political pamphlets of the seventeenth century are not the place to look for modesty." When you are writing not simply *pro populo anglicano* but also on behalf of the Almighty you do not mince matters, you make mincements of your opponents. All of this is logical enough, yet one may still wonder which came first: was it that Milton believed in God or that Milton believed in Milton (and believed that God did too)? The old riddle of the hen and the egg, it must seem. There is, it appears to me, a suggestion of uncertainty about Milton's expressions of self-esteem—he protests a little too much—while passages in his polemical works make the God of *Paradise Lost* seem a fairly mild, cool fellow after all.

Thorpe must have nodded off when his pen committed this notable understatement: "From the tone that Milton usually adopted in his essays, and the frequency with which he adopted it, he seems to have had a love of controversy and an eagerness to take sides in a

Sublimely humble

Andrew Motion

ERIC ROBINSON (Editor)
John Clare's Autobiographical Writings
185pp. Oxford University Press, £7.95.
0192137742

In his essay "An Unfinished Perspective" Robinson tells the reader of a journey which took him through John Clare's home village of Helpston: "It was all over in seconds, that glimpse of the confined prospect of a great poet, but not before I had been reminded that he had thrived for only as long as he had been contained within those flat village boundaries . . . His essential requirements in landscape were minimal and frugal, like those of certain plants which do best in a narrow plot of unchanged soil." In at least one obvious respect, Clare's *Autobiographical Writings* compellingly reinforces this impression: the book concludes with his classic evocation of exile and homecoming, *Journey out of Essex*, in which he reconstructs his barrowing, fugitive trek from the asylum at High Beach back to Northamptonshire. But on almost all the previous pages, which contain the *Sketches* Clare prepared for his publisher John Taylor, and the further autobiographical "Hints" and "Fragments" Eric Robinson has culled from Clare's

writings, we find the same need for fixity in one known and particular place. It is not just that Clare's experiences all refer to his feelings for Helpston, but that Helpston itself is described in astonishingly minute detail.

To say that Clare celebrates what is remote and isolated is to imply (rightly) the intensely democratic range of his interests. His prose, like his poetry, exemplifies that crucial feature of Romanticism. But for Clare—as it never was in the same way for, say, Wordsworth—the fascination of what is normally overlooked lies partly in an urgent psychological need to feel secure. Even in the most general terms, the world at large seemed full of threats (many of these fears were confirmed during his trips to London once he had become a celebrity), and as soon as enclosures began to disturb the pattern of his life at home, not even Helpston seemed entirely safe. It is not surprising, therefore, to find him returning again and again in his writing to scenes that are expressly and assuagingly local; and to components of those scenes which are themselves diminutive. Insects, for example, or snails, or small birds all come in for special attention—partly because he relishes their obscurity for his own sake, and partly because he can identify with them. Small, to Clare, is not only beautiful, but protective as well. In one fragment, for example, he remembers a nocturnal ramble in precisely these terms: "the white moth had begun to flutter beneath the bushes the black snail was out upon the grass and the frog was leaping across the rabbit tracks on his evening journey and the little mice was nibbling about and

conflict." In his recent biography of the poet, A. N. Wilson is both more authentic and fierier in his dealings with the polemics. Thorpe is perceptive in remarking how Clare himself is tempted, tempted to love Adam and Eve and to delight in the beauty of earth, and tempted too to despair. And he is especially interesting on Milton's feelings for nature, his compensating for his reserve towards the world of man by an openness towards the world of nature. Nature showed signs of war when Eve ate the apple, and gave a second groan when Adam followed suit; but she didn't fall, she went on carrying out the will of the Maker.

This is a book which requires (and most of the time possesses) a solemnity of manner and a dignity of language: its author really ought to have avoided such expressions as "social dynamics", "goal-oriented" and "loner". This last word stands in opposition to "member of a family", and much play is made with it. Thorpe uses it, with some but not overwhelming justification, of Comus ("in the pure sense of the word": he isn't even related to his crew of monsters), of Satan ("essentially alone"), of Christ even (in *Paradise Regained* he is "represented as having some of the qualities of the loner"), and of course of Samson, a victim of what is called in language reminiscent of social welfare "a fractured family". Surely the most touching of the loners, if only a temporary one, is Eve. As for Milton—no, nobody who has God at his side can be said to be that.

twittering their little ear-piercing song with the hedge cricket whispering the hour of waking spirits was at hand".

If Clare were purely and simply a retiring writer, his prose might well not have the touches of greatness that it undoubtedly possesses. His special strength stems from the fact that once he has—so to speak—shut himself into what he calls "the seclusion of the scene" he is able to write with absolute and even dramatic confidence. This is immediately apparent in the syntax and punctuation of his prose (assiduously preserved by Robinson) which was not produced by ignorance or illiteracy, but carefully evolved so as to preserve the rhythms and cadences of authentic speech. It is apparent, too, in the skill with which he presents himself as simultaneously shy and assured. He calls himself, at various times, "timid", "elownish", "very irksome among porters", and refers to his "thoughtless and ram-headed proceedings". Yet he also admits: "As to the humble station I have filled in life, I need no apology for all tastes are not alike they do not all love to climb the Alps but many content themselves with wandering in the valleys . . . In such a latitude I write not without hopes of leaving some pleasant for readers on the humble pages I have here written." Eric Robinson has allowed us, at last, fully to appreciate these pleasures, and the paradox upon which they depend. In its absolutely unboastful way, Clare's humble prose is just proud of itself: it has just enough sense of the egotistical sublime to combine self-projection with sympathetic self-effacement.

Planter Stock

People look up to me, though I'm falling down,
And wonder why a monkey-puzzle tree.
Chose to ascend from seaweed a hard mountain
Whose gorse-gold standard plunges into scree.

I love old watercolours curlew paint
With iodine on a quill down a glen's throat:
Deplores the weather's poor mouth complaint
Wear fuchsia tweed; an ancient ivy coat.

Can't you eat rabbit? Does it make you sick
To find your father's gun-shot in your meat?
Or touch a trout he's caught? You ought to like
Wearing an Eton collar; you look sweet!

All the roots that would pack inside a tea-chest
Came home when we retired from the Far East.

RICHARD MURPHY

Ideal justifications

Colin McGinn

HILARY PUTNAM
Reason and Reason: Philosophical Papers,
Volume 3
312pp. Cambridge University Press, £22.50
0521246725

Since the publication in 1975 of Hilary Putnam's second volume of collected papers, he has been changing his views; he has, indeed, been undergoing something of a conversion. As he confesses in the introduction to the present volume, there was a time when he was an unqualified realist, hostile to verificationism in any form; when he believed that reference to things in the world was unproblematic and semantically primary; and when he took truth to consist in a relation of correspondence between thought and a mind-independent world. But now Putnam has come to believe that all this is wrong, or at least highly misleading; the papers collected in this third volume set out to explain why.

There is much to commend in these efforts: his discussion is, as always, lively and stimulating; he takes on the big issues "with uninhibited freshness"; he ingeniously connects what may have seemed like separate questions. There are, however, some regrettable lapses in both conception and presentation: formulations of key positions are obscure and elusive relying upon a liberal use of inverted commas to suggest that more is being meant by the quoted phrase than it literally says; there is a tendency to resort to shrill sloganizing when rigorous argument is what is wanted, possibly as a result of hasty composition; and there are moments of pretentiousness and self-congratulation. The topics treated range widely, from technical issues in quantum physics to meditations upon the place of analytical philosophy in "contemporary culture"—though the issue of realism is the central and recurrent theme.

Putnam's primary target is someone called "the metaphysical realist". This species of philosopher is credited with quite a variety of contradictory beliefs in a mind-independent world; he holds a correspondence theory of truth; he thinks there is a unique reference scheme for our language; he supposes there to be a single true theory of the world; he takes truth to outrun even idealized justification; he rejects the idea that we have "direct access" to objects; he cannot tolerate objective vagueness; he prefers ideal languages. Now it may be that there have been (and are) philosophers who have adhered to all these doctrines (Russell is perhaps an example), but it is not to be supposed that there is any logical connection between them—someone could consistently espouse a subset of them without being committed to the whole lot. In particular, I see no reason why someone who believes in a mind-independent world and a non-epistemic notion of truth—surely the core beliefs of "the metaphysical realist"—should find himself adduced with the other doctrines listed. Putnam typically proceeds by attacking some one of these doctrines and taking himself to have thereby undermined the others; thus insinuating guilt by association; whereas what is needed is a careful articulation of distinctions and of the advantages and liabilities of each component of the composite position he opposes. And where Putnam does attempt to show a real theoretical connection, as for example between a correspondence theory of truth and rejection of vague properties, his arguments are quite unconvincing: for the believer in correspondence and vagueness can simply hold that the correspondence relation is itself vague (non-determinate).

But how good are Putnam's arguments against the several doctrines which make up his target? About the idea of a mind-independent world he says some curious things: his chief complaint seems to be that if we locate material objects wholly outside of the mind we go *ipso facto* render them inaccessible to the mind. Putnam thinks that the mind has access only to its own representations, so that if objects are distinct from mental representations the mind cannot hold out and embrace the objects; and if so, there is nothing the mind can do, so to speak, to select a determinate range of objects as the content of its cognitive acts.

To the idea of thought one is inclined to

make a short and unsympathetic reply: namely, that an object does not need to be (literally) in the mind in order for it to be capable of coming before the mind. We do not simply see objects, objects which would exist whether we saw them or not, even though (of course) such objects are not constituents of our minds? The puzzle is to understand why Putnam seemingly commits this non sequitur. I suspect he would say that in perception the mind has access to objects only as represented in a certain way, so the short reply has not made sense of the idea of thought about mind-independent objects. But this would be to make the same mistake Berkeley made when arguing that to be is to be perceived. It does not follow from the fact that whenever we conceive of an object the object is conceived that we cannot conceive of what it would be for an object to exist unperceived, since our conceiving of the object need not be part of the content of what we conceive—as when we think of objects as they were before anyone had thought about them. Similarly, what we see need not be mind-dependent just because our seeing it is.

Putnam is clearer about his reasons for doubting the uniqueness of reference (though he tends to conflate this question with the question of whether truth is to be explained in terms of correspondence). His doubts have two sources: the difficulty of finding any suitable relation which could constitute determinate reference; and a technical result in formal logic (the Löwenheim-Skolem theorem) which appears to show that reference can float free of more global properties of a theory (a similar claim has been made by Donald Davidson and John Wallace). One natural reply to these doubts appeals to the relation of causation as what glues words to things in the world. Putnam dismisses this reply; his objection to it is that either it is the claim that our use of the word "causation" fixes the interpretation of "refers", in which case it simply raises the same question about that word; or it is the claim that it is in the nature of causation itself that it determines reference, in which case it is a pernicious form of "medieval essentialism".

Now, plainly, the first version of the causal reply is a non-starter, for the reason Putnam gives, but his quick dismissal of the second version seems unpersuasive. For consider any question about the uniqueness and determinacy of a relation—spatial or familial relations, say—and try applying Putnam's arguments. Certainly our use of words for these relations will not settle their identity if the words have indeterminate reference; but why should it be thought objectionable "medieval essentialism" to take these relations as primitive features of the world, or to reduce them to other such relations? Putnam's dilemmatic argument thus appears to prove too much: it threatens to make all relations indeterminate. I would suggest that it is at least the beginning of a reply to Putnam to see linguistic reference as constrained by more basic natural relations in which one stands to one's environment—acting upon it, being acted upon by it, having one's goals fulfilled by objects in it, and so on. Perhaps Putnam's difficulties stem from assuming an over "intellectualist" conception of reference; the problem starts to look less real when we remember the representational states of animals and infants.

The view with which Putnam would supplant metaphysical realism he labels "internal realism". Internal realism regards truth as not transcending idealized justification (hence "internal") while insisting that there is more to truth than believed truth (hence "realism"). Thus the normativity of truth is preserved, along with its transcendence of what is presently assertible, while the metaphysical realist's conception of truth as quite independent of our capacities for justification is repudiated ("external anti-realism" would I think be an equally apt name for this view).

Internal realism is unfortunately somewhat under-characterized by Putnam, and it invites questions he does little or nothing to answer. The crucial question concerns the nature of the idealization: does he intend the idealization to be over our actual capacities for verification, or does he mean to abstract away from these to the condition of some kind of ideal knower? The indications are that he means the former, in which case there is a threat of an unaccept-

able relativism in the resulting notion of truth, since what is (is not) justifiable by the exercise of our actual capacities may not (may) be justifiable by the exercise of capacities possessed by other knowing beings—in other words, truth becomes relative to a species. According to internal realism, man is the measure of all things, but Martians and menkeys have their own measures, and the measures might give different results. But if Putnam wishes to avoid such relativism in the notion of truth, by precluding from our actual capacities for knowledge, he will rue the risk of rendering his position vacuous: if God is the shape the idealization takes, then it is not clear that this is not metaphysical realism by another name. It seems to me that this is a dilemma any equation of truth with justification must confront, and Putnam says nothing to show how internal realism escapes being impaled on it.

Putnam makes some surprising claims about the relation between metaphysical realism and the concept of necessity (notably in "Why There isn't a Ready-made World"). He tells us that a consistent metaphysical realist cannot reject essential properties because such a realist needs to hold that there is an essential or intrinsic relation between thought and its objects. Putnam's reason for saying this is, apparently, that the metaphysical realist requires something ("metaphysical glue") to tie words and concepts to things outside the mind. I see no force whatever in this contention: what the metaphysical realist requires (as Putnam here describes him) is just uniqueness, not necessity—something that singles a reference relation out in the actual world. That our thoughts could have different objects in other possible worlds does not show that they fail to have unique reference in the actual world.

This puzzling claim is followed up with the suggestion that the most prominent contemporary form of metaphysical realism, viz materialism, is incompatible with an objectivist conception of necessity—indeed that it is incompatible with the notion of objective causal

explanation. This incompatibility is supposed to follow from the (alleged) fact that these concepts are not strictly definable in the vocabulary of physics—terms for mass, charge, etc. But that is surely an unreasonable demand to impose upon the materialist: it would prevent him employing arithmetical concepts, or temporal concepts, or indeed the concepts of ordinary logic. What the materialist characteristically holds is that there are no irreducibly mental (including semantic) facts; he is under no obligation to provide a physicalist definition of every concept to which he appeals. Thus a materialist will typically claim that all events have physical causes and that everything has a physical explanation; he does not need to make the further claim that causation and explanation themselves have strict physical definitions.

Not all of this book is concerned with realism; it also treats of reason. And here too Putnam has changed his views: he used to hold (with Quine) that no proposition is rationally unrevocable—anything we now believe we can envisage rationally giving up as theory develops. Now Putnam is prepared to allow that there are absolutely unrevocable beliefs, notably the minimal principle of non-contradiction, "not every proposition is both true and false". To give up this principle would simply be to cease to reason, so there is no sense in the idea of rationally abandoning the principle. This certainly seems to me like a step in the right direction, though it must be said that Putnam offers rather little in the way of a detailed articulation of why reason should enjoy such absolute preemptions. (This type of unrevocability thesis has also been put forward and developed by the Danish philosopher Peter Zinkernagel, but Putnam evidently does not know of his work.)

Putnam's new views are manifestly still in their formative phase; it is to be hoped that future work will clarify and sharpen his position, but I suspect that once the process of critical reflection has been pushed further, we shall witness yet another change of view.

New Books from CHICAGO

University of Chicago Press, 126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

One Fairy Story too Many
The Brothers Grimm and Their Tales
JOHN M. ELLIS
£14.85 224pp. 0-226-20546-0

The "Inward" Language
Sonnets of Wyatt, Sidney, Shakespeare, Donne
ANNE FERRY
£21.25 272pp. 0-226-24466-0

The Signs Reader
Women, Gender and Scholarship
ELIZABETH ABEL & EMILY K. ABEL (eds.)
£21.25 298pp. 0-226-00074-5 (paperback £7.60 0-226-00075-3)

Alfred Schutz
An Intellectual Biography
HELMUT R. WAGNER
£23.80 372pp. 0-226-86936-9

Grammatical Theory
Its Limits and Its Possibilities
FREDERICK J. NEWMAYER
£21.25 208pp. 0-226-57717-1 (paperback £8.00 0-226-57719-8)

The Structure of Experience
Kant's System of Principles
GORDON NAGEL
£23.35 292pp. 0-226-56766-4

Controlling Unlawful Organizational Behavior
Social Structure and Corporate Misconduct
DIANE VAUGHAN
£15.30 192pp. 0-226-85171-0

WATERSTONE'S BOOKSELLERS

"Trading late into the evenings and on Sundays, London's new chain of bookshops is a combination of high-street concentration and mild literary chaos. Waterstone's style is both literary and informed."

Books and Bookmen, April 1983

With the introduction of a unique personal account scheme, Waterstone's offer not only a high standard of expertise and a vast stock, but generously extended credit and many additional benefits. For details, please complete below:

Name _____
Address _____
Postcode _____

Please return to Waterstone & Company, 121-123 Chancery Lane, London WC2E 6BT

Behind the lines

Robert Hewison

If we follow the horticultural imagery favoured by the chief spokesmen of the Arts Council, then a presidential blight threatens to lay waste the sheltered walks and quiet groves of the subsidized arts in this country. Chairman Sir William Rees-Mogg speaks of cutting out the dead wood; Secretary-General Luke Rittner suggests thinning the seed-bed to give more room. But the entire field of arts subsidy lies under a far greater threat than that of the Council's prim secateurs.

There can be no doubt that there is panic in the arts world about the economic future. The Arts Council itself has added to the alarm by announcing that it is conducting a major review of its policies. Its 250 major clients have until the end of the year to reply to two equally piercing questions: what would you do with 25 per cent more money, and how would you manage on 25 per cent less?

Both the questions posed in the letter are of course hypothetical, but the prospect of a 25 per cent cut seems nearer reality. The letter warns that by April 1, 1984, the Arts Council will have decided which of its clients will "have their grants increased, reduced or indeed terminated altogether". Those on the condemned list will have one further year of subsidy before the spring bonfires of 1985. Sir William Rees-Mogg has reinforced the estate-management imagery of the times by saying that organizations on an Arts Council grant can no longer imagine that they will be "getting it for ever - like a freehold".

Yet this flurry of activity by the Arts Council is being seen as no more than a manoeuvre in the face of far more dire consequences that will be the result of government policy. The idea that the arts can be protected from cuts was exploded last August when the Council was forced, as Sir William put it, "to break its commitment to its clients" by a mid-term one per cent cut in this year's overall grant. The Arts Council's financial position is clearly over, while local government re-organization, outlined in *Streamlining the Cities*, threatens to devastate subsidized cultural life.

The Arts Council is under pressure in detail as well as in gross. A parliamentary select committee recommended last Autumn that there should be a double diminution in its powers: first by a greater devolution to the Regional Arts Associations, and second by government earmarking of specific sums for the great national companies that flourish above the rest. This second proposal has been reinforced by two special investigations by the management expert Clive Priestley into the Royal Opera House and the Royal Shakespeare Company. Both, he concludes, need extra money, but he is critical of the Council's administration, and suggests that future grants should be decided by the government, leaving the Arts Council as at best a clearing house.

In the prevailing atmosphere of uncertainty, I turned to the Minister for the Arts himself, the forty-four-year-old Lord Gowrie. He too is taken with horticultural imagery. In a recent interview with himself published in *Arts and Artists* he reminds us that he is only in charge of "a small part of the total arts estate... the manner in which I am determined to keep the building in good repair. But if I am to add to the rest of the team I will have to generate the income".

Only a Minister with a literary background would have the wit to cast an article in the form of a self-interrogation. On his appointment to Mrs Thatcher's post-election government, we were reminded of his volume of verse *A Portrait of Don Giovanni* (1972) and his Lectureship in English and American Literature at UCL. (For that matter, he was once a sub on the TES.) But Gowrie has also been a Conservative Whip and has served in the Northern Ireland Office, altogether a more serious affair than dealing with the arts. At present not only is he Minister for Arts and Libraries, he is also Minister for the Civil Service, and spokesman in the House of Lords both for Employment and the Treasury.

As a politician he is aware of the significance of heading an independent Ministry with direct access to Mrs Thatcher, even if it is not of

cabinet rank. He is also aware of his collective responsibility in a government dedicated to cutting public expenditure, and sees no contradiction in his role as a Treasury spokesman. Indeed, his offices are now in the Treasury building. "The Arts Minister is only supposed to talk about more - and I think I have got it - but I must give a clear signal that there is a concerted view on the balance between levels of public spending and inflation."

That signal was very clearly given when his first action as spending Minister was to postpone the building of the Theatre Museum and impose a one per cent cut on all his cultural clients. He argues that there was no choice, and the cuts had to be right across the board. The Chancellor had not time for lengthy negotiations. "In effect he had to put off the summer holidays, because the money for them had already been spent." He is aggrieved by his unpopularity for this, for the cut in the arts was to have been two per cent. "Unlike most people, I think I did rather well."

The real test of his ministerial clout will be the figure settled on for next year's Arts Council grant. Since this should be announced in mid-December, I was talking to him at a sensitive time. It is thought that he may achieve a five per cent increase on last year's original sum - thus at least restoring the mid-term cut. Lord Gowrie was cautious: "the present level of funding will continue on the present baseline. We want to improve it somewhat, but the growth must come from outside." Which, being interpreted, sounds like a standstill for the Arts Council, since even allowing for a small increase, inflation has once more moved the goal-post.

Lord Gowrie accepts Sir William Rees-Mogg's criticism that "the Government has made the Council's finance unreliable", and he hopes that "unfortunate" mid-term cuts won't ever happen again. He also agrees with Sir William's comment about subsidy being no longer freehold. "All public spending is leasehold and I think it is a fairly timely reminder." How the Council spends the money once it is handed over is their affair, but in spite of his remarks about being "a less-government man" I got the impression that the arms-length principle governing his relations with the Arts Council may yet become a cliché. The recommendations of the Parliamentary committee and the Priestley reports have yet to be accepted; but if they are, then it is likely that the Arts Ministry will more closely decide the budgets of the big companies.

The extra money for the Royal Opera House and the RSC recommended by Priestley would have to be found from contingency funds, and the companies would also have to accept Priestley's managerial recommendations. The Arts Council gave its verdict on Priestley when it published its annual report last Wednesday; the Minister hopes to have it sorted out by mid-December. The Arts Council should note that if he accepts the reports, there would have to be "a more explicit level of funding" and that "would mean a level of re-organization".

"Re-organization", when it comes to once more altering the system of local government by abolishing the six Metropolitan Counties and the GLC, is the main source of terror for arts organizations up and down the land. As reported in "Behind the lines" last month, *Streamlining the Cities* has put nearly £30 million pounds worth of arts funding at risk.

Here Lord Gowrie has a hard row to hoe, for the abolition was a manifesto commitment; they are a political policy of which the arts are merely the accidental victims. But he is aware that the crisis the change will provoke for the arts is a superb propaganda weapon for the government's political opponents. (Even leading GLC Tories are joining Tony Banks's artistic campaign to save the GLC.) The flipside, as far as arts issues are concerned, both of the Government White Paper and of the Arts Ministry's own consultative document, suggests that this point had not occurred to the authors of the Tory manifesto.

But Lord Gowrie is prepared to come out fighting. "Certain regional institutions will be elevated to national status, and placed in the care of the Arts Council. There is no evidence, he claims, that local boroughs will not support the arts if they have to, and the money released to them from the defunct Metropolitan Coun-

cils through the block grants will enable them to do so. Above all, *Streamlining the Cities* is not out "to clobber the arts... this is not a cost-cutting exercise". The Regional Arts Associations might get more money, and he is doing as much as he can to encourage business sponsorship, to the point of thinking out loud about the possibility of the Ministry giving matching grants to commercial sponsors.

Lord Gowrie argues that when all the protective measures have been taken into consideration, the shortfall in funding will only be a sixth of the present provision: "a sixth is a negotiable area". In other words, steps will be taken to ensure that not every threatened institution (and there are many) will go under. Yet according to an Arts Ministry official, in the GLC area alone £3.3 million will have to be found from somewhere if the present position is to be preserved.

Throughout our conversation, Lord Gowrie appeared to accept that the arts require patronage, while arguing that the government's responsibility is to reduce its expenditure and areas of activity. He believes that local communities must support their own arts activities. Were the economy expanding at a greater rate, then greater subsidy would be forthcoming, but monetarism argues that the economy will not expand when public expenditure is too high. Lord Gowrie has no desire to be a cultural dictator, but "we are subject to the dictates of arithmetic".

In the present atmosphere of deepening arithmetical gloom, it seems a forlorn hope to go to the Arts Council and suggest that it should be spending more on literature. But a group of spokesmen for publishers, librarians and authors, gathered together by the Director of the National Book League, Murtyn Goff, under the banner of the National Book Committee, have recently been to see Sir William Rees-Mogg to argue precisely that.

The memorandum of protest tries to meet the familiar "stock answers" of the Literature Department that worthwhile schemes will of course be supported, and that, anyway, libraries look after literature. On the first count, it argues that when worthwhile schemes are produced, they are then turned down on the grounds that there are no funds available. On the second, it is pointed out that libraries have no statutory responsibility to encourage "literature" at all; their responsibilities are to books and information.

The National Book Committee seeks to embarrass the Arts Council with odious comparisons. Whereas the Arts Council of Great Britain spends less than one per cent of its total allocation on literature, the Scottish Arts Council spends 4.5 per cent, the Australian Council 6 per cent, and the Welsh Arts Council 7.9 per cent. Having outlined a whole series of

policies that would stimulate both literary consumption and production, the National Book Committee suggests that were the Arts Council to allocate a mere 5 per cent of its gross budget to literature, it would be meeting its responsibilities in this area.

As it happens, next Wednesday the Arts Council will have an opportunity substantially to increase its literary expenditure, when it considers the Literature Advisory Panel's unanimous recommendation that it should back the Publishers' Association's proposal for the creation of a Literary Investment Trust.

As reported in "Behind the lines" in September, the scheme could cost as much as £1 million over three years. The intention is to make possible the publication of up to a hundred works of fiction, biography and criticism a year that would otherwise go unprinted, or prove prohibitively expensive and unprofitable.

Whatever one's suspicions of the motives of the Publishers' Association - and I gather that they are now prepared to invest on their own behalf in the Trust - the idea of cheaper books seems an admirable one. But it seems likely that the germ of a good idea will be crushed in the wheels of the Arts Council's internal politics.

The project for the Literary Investment Trust was devised this summer during a unusually energetic period in the Literature Panel's activities. The panel chairman, Marghanita Laski, was away, and Michael Holroyd, a keen advocate of literary subsidy, was left in charge. Similarly, the Literature Director, Charles Osborne, was on sabbatical, and his deputy, Josephine Falk was en route. On their return, the Director and Chairman's response to the fresh demands an active Literary Investment Trust would make was reported to have been less than enthusiastic. Yet, although the paper proposing the Trust's foundation has been written by Josephine Falk, it will be presented on Wednesday by Charles Osborne and Marghanita Laski. As is so often the case in the literary world, with friends like these, the Literary Investment Trust has no need of external enemies. On the other hand, if the Literature Department finds no fresh justification for its existence, there are genuine fears for its survival.

And finally, the good news. Today the Minister for Arts and Libraries will lay before Parliament an order which sets precisely the sum to be paid out for each library loan of books that have qualified for Public Lending Right during the first period of operation. It is to be £1.02 per loan. Thus, by some trick of fate, "Brophy's Penny", the sum originally proposed as right and just by John Brophy in 1951, turns out to be more like 2½d. Such, as Lord Gowrie might say, are the dictates of arithmetic.

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

W. G. Beasley's books include *The Meiji Restoration*, 1972.
D. W. Bowett is Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge University.
L. D. Burdard is a database consultant at Oxford University computing service.
Maureen Cain is the author of *Society and the Policeman's Role*, 1973.
Peter Clark's *The English Alehouse: A Social History*, has just been published.
Colin Crouch is a Reader in Sociology at the London School of Economics.
T. de Maningha is Professor of Russian Studies at the University of London and author of *Russia in the Age of Catherine the Great*, 1981.
C. R. Dowdell is Professor of the History of Art at the University of Manchester and Director of the Whitworth Art Gallery.
Brian Fothergill's *The Strawberry Hill Set: Horace Walpole and his Circle* has just been published.
F. N. Furber is the co-editor, with Mary Lago, of *Selected Letters of E. M. Forster*.
John Gage's most recent book is *Goethe on Art*, 1980.
John Hayes is the author of *The Landscape Paintings of Thomas Gainsborough*, 1982.
Roger Lockyer is a Reader in History at Royal Holloway College, London.
John Hope Mason's most recent book is *The Irresistible Diderot*, 1982.
Andrew Motion's *Secret Narratives* was published earlier this year.
Colin McGinn is the author of *The Character of Mind*, 1982, and *The Subjective View*, 1983.
Roger Mifflin is the author of *Government and Society in Louis XIV's France*, 1977.
Sir David Piper's books include *Artists' London*, 1982.
Claude Rawson is Professor of English at the University of Warwick.
Charles Ross's books include *The Wars of the Roses: A Concise History*, 1977.
A. W. B. Simpson is Professor of Law at the University of Kent.
Colin Smeyne is Professor of French at the University of Glasgow.
Norman Smith is Reader in the History of Technology at Imperial College, London.
J. A. C. Stockwin is the author of *Japan: Divided Politics in a Growth Economy*, 2nd revised edition, 1982.
Julian Symonds's latest book, *The Name of Antelope Lee*, was published in September.
Michael Tilly is a Fellow of Selwyn College, Cambridge.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Elements of a children's classic

Claude Rawson

A book is a children's "classic" if grown-ups (parents, teachers, publishers, reviewers) say it is. The canon, like its adult counterpart, is maintained by reciprocal influence and imitation, except that the choice is not made by the consumers themselves. The new Puffin Classics series shares many of its titles with a similar dent list, though Dent, unlike Puffin, include some newer "classics", like Mary Norton's *Borrower* books. To judge by these seventeen volumes, a Puffin Classic is a book for and about children, published between 1847 (*The Children of the New Forest*) and 1911 (*The Secret Garden*), and most commonly in the thirty years 1870-1900. It is likely to have been a Puffin before it became a Classic, and its author can usually be relied on to have died, considerably, at least fifty years ago. Many of the authors are respected figures in the adult canon - Twain, Stevenson, Hardy, Jack London - and some books (like Hardy's) can only be there for that reason. Twain and Alcott, with seven Puffins between them, dominate this group, two mutually antagonistic figures, embodying opposed and enduring archetypes: adventure versus home, individual versus family, mischief versus respectability, boy versus girl. But the American presence is not confined to these two: more than half the titles and five of the twelve authors are American, while a sixth, Frances Hodgson Burnett, emigrated to America in her youth.

If these really were, and remain, among the most read children's books on both sides of the Atlantic, one may wonder why American authors concerned such a share of the market at this relatively early date: early, that is, in the history of children's books that are still read today. Few books, expressly written for children, which have achieved the long-term durability which is one test of the "classic", date from before the middle of the nineteenth century, just as there are few "adult" books about childhood, or in which children play a prominent part, before the second half of the eighteenth century. Children came late into literature, both as subjects and as consumers, and it is sometimes said that the gradual rise in their status since the eighteenth century parallels, not elates, the same pace, that of other underprivileged groups (women, the poor, the conquered races). There's a neatness in the idea that the impulse to write for and about children, and the forging of an idiom for addressing them across the age gap, would develop more quickly in an egalitarian and unilinear America than elsewhere.

The matter of idiom is important. Most writers for children, on both sides of the Atlantic, are grown-ups; and a form of generational class-consciousness is built into the situation. The earliest volume in the series, Marryat's *Children of the New Forest*, addresses "my juvenile readers" in its first sentence: a simple

admission of difference, unfussily *de haut en bas*. Children's books, like everything else, have become more complicated since that time. Styles that declare themselves openly, like Marryat's, have sometimes yielded to styles which more or less gracefully reflect or absorb the strain.

Less rather than more, it seems, in the case of some of Marryat's English successors. The hero of Hardy's *Our Exploits at West Poley*, remembering in a moment of crisis "the words ... of Flaminus, the consul, when he was pen-

hood, is called *Jo's Boys*, is an apt if fortuitous token of her reluctance to differentiate between the child and adult perspectives.

There is an assurance about this melting of differences which Twain did not share. Alcott knew she was writing for children, but felt no need to adjust her sights. Twain, on the other hand, wasn't sure whether he was writing for children or to remind adults of their childhood; his vacillations on the matter were discussed in these columns recently (by Zachary Leader, TLS, September 30). Tom Sawyer betrays the



Mr and Mrs Pezziwig dancing. One of Michael Foreman's illustrations to a new edition of *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens (128pp. Gollancz, £4.95, 0 575 03311 8).

aed up at Thrasymene", is a citizen of the same old Cloud-cuckoo-land as Macaulay's schoolboy, even allowing for the fact that the narrator is older when he says this than he was when he is supposed to have thought it. When he describes his doings as what "a boy would naturally do", or tells "How Older Hands than Ours Became Concerned", the twofold auto-avuncularity draws pointed attention to the generation gap within himself. Hardy is perhaps a special case. Juvenile empathy is not the first quality we associate with his genius, and *West Poley* (which did not appear as a book until 1952) was hardly a runaway success. But the note of bohemian patrolling was, and perhaps still is, endemic to the genre.

You find it in American authors too, of course. Not and Tommy, in *Little Men*, "talked boy-fashion about all sorts of things". But the grown Laurie, in *Good Wives*, also speaks "just in his old boyish way". In fact, everybody in Alcott (children, adults, narrator, author) operates at a remarkably homogeneous level. Alcott misleads her children to a curious half-life of naturalized adulthood, a process eased by the fact that her adult vision seems in turn to have been approximately on the level of a Sunday school class. The fact that the volume about the boys at Plumfield is called *Little Men*, while its sequel, as the boys grow into man-

hood, is called *Jo's Boys*, is an apt if fortuitous token of her reluctance to differentiate between the child and adult perspectives.

There's a neatness in the idea that the impulse to write for and about children, and the forging of an idiom for addressing them across the age gap, would develop more quickly in an egalitarian and unilinear America than elsewhere.

This would imply that *Huckleberry Finn* is a children's classic mainly because grown-ups say so, like Hardy's much inferior book.

Both Alcott and Twain, unlike some of their English analogues, manage to absorb the strain of dual perspective, the first by an instinctive and crudely effective levelling down, the second by a feat of inspired circumvention. Whether being American made it easier for them to do this is not clear. The only book in this series which genuinely masters or transcends the duality, without protective stylization or an engulfing togetherness, is the last in date, *The Secret Garden*: an English, indeed very English book - but by an author who lived in the United States for many years. Here, perhaps for the first time, an authorial narrator speaks in her own voice, without pseudo-childishness or evanescence, on a wavelength accessible to a child reader without loss of self-respect to either party. It seems to have had a genuine adult following. Eliot remembered it in the rose-garden of *Burnt Norton*: he cannot have read it as a child, if he ever was a child, since the novel appeared in 1911. It is rare among children's books in straddling both worlds on its own merits, rather than through its author's distinction as a grown-up writer (though she was that too).

The main character of *The Secret Garden* is an orphan, evidently an essential requirement for heroes of children's classics. Nearly all the books have them: *The Children of the New Forest*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Heldi*, *Kidnapped*, *Moonfleet*, *The Wizard of Oz*. *Huckleberry Finn* has a no-good drunken father from whom he is apart in *Tom Sawyer* and who is killed off fairly early in *Huckleberry Finn*. Several other protagonists are orphans, like Katy in *What Katy Did*, or, less orphans, with one or both parents away or otherwise out of the picture, as in *The Prince and the Pauper* and *West Poley*. Even in such highly family-centred books as *The Railway Children* and *Little Women*, the main story takes place in the absence of the father, in prison or in the wars. Indeed Louise M. Alcott's series of four novels about the March daughters concludes with two whole books about Plumfield, the establishment for orphan boys which Jo set up in her matron years, and about the later doings of "Jo's Boys".

Families are what readers of children's books have and must be presumed not to want to read about. There's an aura of "freedom" about orphans which even Alcott's Jo, who thought "families... the most beautiful things in all the world", is responsive to. She seeks both to exploit and to rectify this, to relish the idea of liberation while making sure that it is properly circumscribed: she must have orphans, but she must also be a mother to them.

Jo's most troublesome orphan is Dan, a boarding-school *Huckleberry Finn*, given to running away, like Huck, but also to "coming home" and calling her "mother": Huck's re-

TRACEY CAMPBELL PEARSON'S

first picture book, *We Wish You a Merry Christmas*, conjures up the very spirit of a traditional Christmas, as a group of red-cheeked children sing for some nice figgy pudding.

£4.50, 0 370 30975 8

We Wish You a Merry Christmas with books from Bodley Head

Happily ever after

Margaret Meek

ROBIN MCKINLEY
Beauty
Julia MacRae. £6.95.
0 86203 143 5

As anyone who has read Bettelheim knows, *Beauty and the Beast* "foreshadows Freud by centuries" with its theme of the development of happy sexual love. This version, a first-person narration with modern overtones derived from the classic text of Madame de Beaumont, certainly "reads" its post-Freudian and adolescent readers.

This Beauty, whose given name is Honour, is the plain clever one of the rich merchant's three daughters. She doesn't hate her sisters nor envy their marriage-worthiness: she rides well and translates Socrates instead. She also avoids society and mirrors. The resolution of this inner conflict is only a matter of time. So when her father's ruin removes them to a cottage at the edge of the enchanted forest, this united family take to honest poverty — the scrubbing and tree-felling made familiar in many a children's story of American homesteaders — and survive hard winters and social degradation. Beauty has a fine horse, a legacy of palmer days and the transitional object of affection, who carries her off into the forest when the time comes for her to save her father from the Beast. We are never in any doubt that all will be well as Beauty and the Beast work out their problem of ugliness: Beauty to accept what she first wants to reject, and Beast to understand that kindness may not compensate for revulsion. The magic works, as it has always done since Apuleius' telling of the story of Cupid and Psyche.

The modern overtones are interesting. The reader takes on the "I" of the narrator as the story moves at the pace of a three-act ballet. The Beast is never menacing; his brooding presence is a support. But classic fairy tales ignore motives in the way that modern ones cannot, so Beauty's narcissistic phase, when she is given all she desires, especially a room of her own and a library, as well as fine food and clothes that just appear, is governed by two invisible sub-characters whose voices she gradually hears. They are fairy-godmothers who discuss her "problem" like tolerant school teachers.

The plot also has a modern inter-textuality based on what Beauty reads, including books that "haven't been written yet". Sherlock Holmes proves difficult. When her emotional response to Beast begins to change she is reading Catullus. (Beast has strong views about *The Faerie Queene*). Here are hints about intellectual women not being necessarily plain. But, more significantly, the story links within itself its predecessors in the written fairy tale, and shows how each generation of readers is written into the version they read.

Heroines have ever fallen in love and been said to live happily ever after. *Beauty and the Beast* is the allegory of the process and, as such, it stands between childhood and adult literature. Yet its particular relevance to adolescence has not been brought out in quite this way before. The author writes us though she were looking at herself in a mirror, moving through the archetypal story to explore her own narration of it. Once or twice the telling nearly falls into sentimentality, but the hair-breadth escape — the writer's sense of humour, perhaps, or that remarkable horse — keeps embarrassment away. It is still the story the Opies call "the most symbolic of the fairy tales after *Cinderella* and the most intellectually satisfying".

The parish bounds

Joanna Motion

JILL PATON WALSH
A Parcel of Patterns
Kestrel. £5.50.
0 7226 5898 2

The parcel contains patterns which demonstrate the newly relaxed and frivolous dress of Restoration London. What it brings with them to the Puritan village of Eyam in Derbyshire is plague. Plague breathes in on the thought of a lace cuff and a slashed sleeve. Jill Paton Walsh's new novel tells the extraordinary history of Eyam where in one haunted year between 1665 and 1666 three-quarters of the inhabitants died of plague: a history made more bizarre and poignant by the villagers' decision to impose an internal exile on themselves. Keeping within their parish bounds stopped the plague from spreading elsewhere, but ensured that the rat-and flea-borne bacillus ricocheted around in a confined area till no family was untouched.

Not, of course, that the villagers in the book know that they have a bacillus to deal with. Eyam has two parsons, of the old and new persuasion, each with different explanations for the outbreak and different responses to it. Is "the sickness" caused by poisoned air or by sin? Should it be met with the building of isolation huts or with repentance? The parsons are opposed in everything except their duty to the dying and their belief in the necessity (and even the holiness?) of the village quarantine. Faced with a disease whose passage is so capricious

and effects so appalling, the villagers divide in their allegiance. They seek refuge in religion, superstition, blasphemy, herbal tea, or some desperate mixture of all of them.

The narrator of these tensions is a young woman, Mall Percival, for whom the telling acts as a ridding charm. By conjuring up the vanished life of the village, its drama, quarrels and pleasures — including her own love story — she hopes to free herself of the grief and numbness and to leave the roll call of the dead for a new life in Puritan New England. For this purpose, Mall has constructed a version of seventeenth-century prose which, though it sometimes jars or falls into self-conscious poeticisms, is for the most part both convincing and readable.

And they that did much to keep from catching it, and they that did naught, felt sick alike, so that there was no discerning any cause or reason in what befell, except it was the will of God, his providence and judgement upon us.

The book's narrative moves in one inexorable direction, towards death for most of the characters, but within this narrowing focus, Jill Paton Walsh contains a series of striking scenes both from the happier ordinary past and the peculiar climate of the plague year: Mall as a young girl drawn into helping at the difficult birth of a lamb; the ducks which refuse to stay evacuated and waddle back dejectedly from a neighbouring village; the woman who digs graves for her husband and six of her children within a week, before breaking out of the prison that the diseased village has become. It is a powerful story, compellingly told.

Across the Pyrenees

Patricia Craig

JOAN AIKEN
Bride of the Wind
Cape. £6.95.
0 224 021 37 0

Joan Aiken's novel, as usual, gets off to a distinctive start. "E'ow wretched and grim is the sight of a sea-shore when a ship has been wrecked upon it!" her narrator exclaims in the opening line, transporting us instantly to a realm of theatricality and high adventure. The plot of this book, in outline, could hardly be less original; and it could hardly be presented with greater zest or inventiveness. It is a heady combination.

Felix Brooke, aged thirteen or thereabouts, is a passenger on a ship that comes to grief in the Bay of Biscay, causing his dismayed observation on the state of the beach. Felix is a boy to whom things happen: hard on the heels of the shipwreck comes a mystical experience in a grove near the shore. The effect of this, combined with a knock on the head, is to put him into a kind of catatonic trance. Some months later, he comes to his senses in the act of wedding an artichoke bed in a monastery garden.

It is no ordinary monastery. St Just de Seignan is governed by an odd Abbot who inflicts frequent beatings on unlucky novices. Father Vespasian possesses a pair of eyes that flame like candles, as well as being subject to alarming seizures and fits of fury. Felix, who falls foul of this infernal monk, is soon laying plans

to get away — along with a half-hanged boy whose life he saved after regaining his wit. Supernatural promptings had led him to the figure of Juan suspended from a tree.

In his invidious pursuit of the fleeing pair, Father Vespasian is swept into the sea and drowned. Or is he? In the course of their journey across the Pyrenees, the boys catch sight of a creature that is either the unspeakable Abbot, or something worse. Whatever it is, it has joined forces, in a most alarming way, with the Moia Gento, a band of brigands with drastic designs on Juan. The intrepid novices, on shoeless and suffering the effects of having been strung up by the neck, and the other bearing the scars of recent scourging, have a lot to contend with.

They take it all in their stride, of course, quickly acquiring staves and ponies, evading those in their track, landing in the middle of a Basque festival, quarrelling sufficiently to ensure a fair degree of narrative fiction, and eventually discarding their doubts about one another by the end of the adventure they are fast friends. An extraordinary rumbustiousness of action is superimposed over the sedate style that denotes the period (1820). "The thunderstorms of the Pyrenees are notorious for their severity", Felix observes in a schoolmasterish voice which contributes charm to the underlining. Instead of the dullness usually associated with a pedantic tone. All the traditional storybook contents — the escape, the dangerous journey, the evil-doers, the colourful encounters — are invested with a new decorativeness and vigour. And Joan Aiken has lost nothing of her ability to surprise.

In brief

QUENTIN BLAKE
Quentin Blake's Nursery Rhyme Book
Cape. £4.95.
0 224 021 44 3

Quentin Blake's *Nursery Rhyme Book* contains, as you might expect, a selection of more or less unfamiliar (but still charming) nursery rhymes and a number of lively drawings where o-few confident lines and some splashes of color evoke the highly characteristic features of Mr Punchinello, Jack Sprig and any number of attendant children, cats, dogs and bosomy ladies. Quentin Blake's illustrations are unusual for a book of this kind in that they manage not to dominate the page while remaining

rewarding in themselves. Here Blake seems to be working on a Chagall-like theme of tight Jack-a-Dandy hops higher than the house. Jumping Joan bounds into the air far above the heads of her family and friends; the Man in Brown is depicted achieving a graceful trajectory in pursuit of the Pig. A small dog remains over whether the rhymes and pictures may not have gone a little too far in their pursuit of originality. A greater doubt concerns the wisdom of publishing a moderately expensive book containing sixteen or so very memorable rhymes for a market which has already been supplied with the works of Provensen, Bayley and Briggs.

Elizabeth

The loom of youth

Geoffrey Trease

Do we need the "teenage novel"? Somewhat, no. Adolescents who have outgrown children's fiction should rush gladly forward into the treasure-cave of adult literature. But will they? That transition was easier when more novels were concerned with young characters stepping out into life. So many now open with a middle-aged woman picking up the pieces of the previous twenty years. Not much there for the adolescent who can't see beyond the next five. The special teenage novel could be a welcome innovation, but do the books so far published deserve the welcome? In recent weeks I have read thirteen. The eight considered here offer a fair sample, notably in the disproportionate preference for male central characters (little advance on Henty, here) and for the nihilism of the inner-city delinquent.

From Nigel Hinton's first sentence, "Buddy stole the money from his mother's purse just before he left for school", we suspect that our hero has problems. This proves to be an understatement. A mother who walks out, an unemployed father suddenly affluent from unexplained night-work, shop-lifting, embarrassments at school — the author, an ex-teacher, piles it on, and no wonder the worried lad's cheeks are constantly wet with tears. This is scarcely, as the publishers imply, a book "for young adults" — Buddy is only thirteen — but more of an older children's story, with a good suspenseful plot, if a shade too obviously programmed.

In New York, of course, kids are tougher. *Bad Apple* opens with fifteen-year-old Nicky,

gon in hand, contemplating his parents asleep in bed. "I should shoot him, and then do Mom before she can scream." Well, parents always have been a problem in juvenile fiction, though in the old, soft days we either killed them off before page one or posted them abroad to release their offspring for independent adventure. Not so, now. In almost all these books parents present a problem that will not go away. They drink, nag, bully, quarrel, or if (worse) they are middle-class they have too many gnomes in the garden. A constant embarrassment, Nicky does not, in fact, shoot his — that would interfere with the evening's criminal programme. In language that it would be unforgivably old-fashioned to wince at, this rotating yarn runs on from sexual intercourse and mutual masturbation to flick-knives and drugs. "If the world as it is is normal, who wants to be clear-headed?" asks Nicky. "Reality isn't nearly as much fun as being loaded."

A similar spirit pervades *Johnny Jarvis*. The school-leaver feels only "rage at the country, the government", though his grounds for indignation are obscure, since he has not even tried for a job and his horizon is so limited that he never goes "beyond three streets away". I found this book particularly repellent in its mindless self-pity. "If I took — and still do take — revenge on the world and my closest friends," says the narrator, "it's because I can't forgive anyone for having the things I never had." That

such youths undeniably exist is a cause for concern. That they should so fascinate our authors, as if no other adolescents mattered, is mystifying. And by which section of the teenage public do the authors expect to be read?

To a sympathetic but drably depressing first novel by Rhodri Jones, headmaster of a multi-racial comprehensive, we get the same monotonous pattern from the loom of youth — lying and shop-lifting, the interception and destruction of parents' mail from school, and of course (since Delroy is black) police harassment, not very surprising since the boy has just stolen a bottle of milk from the roundsman's float. Insecurity, inferiority, bewildered resentment — they have been the legitimate stuff of literature since before *Jane Eyre*, but they become unconvincing if unrelieved.

There is humour, at least, in *No Place Like*. Pete is, to put it kindly, unacademic. He has acquired one CSE grade 4 in Metalwork and failed the other seven. A drifter, he is the despair of his father and teachers, while his mother, depicted with refreshing satire, is a do-gooder obsessed with "problems" but too sentimentally blinkered to grasp them. There are moments when she makes one sympathize

with Pete though mostly one wants to shake him until his teeth rattle.

What a contrast is *Dear Comrade*, a love story developed in letters between a boy and a girl who meet only in the holidays. Kate is an idealist, a peace campaigner, so they wrangle good-humouredly over politics, but they have much more in common — impatience with school, conflicts with parents they love but fiercely criticize, uncertainties over careers, and other authentic anguishes of their age-group. At once superficially sophisticated and touchingly vulnerable, they make an attractive duo, witty, intelligent and enthusiastically alive.

There is vitality too in *The Damned*. Like Kate, Chris is worried about the Bomb. He joins the extremist DAMN, "Direct Action against the Missiles Now", though he has an even greater fear — that, although soon he will have to start shaving, he has not yet experienced sexual intercourse. The book opens, "I wish I could screw her" (he is playing chess against a girl at school), and this urge recurs irrepressibly. Linda Hoy feels strongly about both the peace movement and male aggression, but does not allow these preoccupations to spoil an

often hilarious narrative.

It is not the Bomb that is implied in Jacqueline Wilson's title but that other adolescents' nightmare, the doormat alap of the O-level results. There is a new twist here — Katherine is clever, she can't have failed, but will her grades reach the standard her father expects? Suspense is maintained while the interminable holiday weeks unroll. There are plenty of subplots — sisterly tensions, the embarrassing behaviour of parents, and the excitement of the first boy-friend. Unlike many of the others, it is a good read.

Nigel Hinton: *Buddy*. Dent. £5.95. 0 460 06089 9.

Larry Boggard: *Bad Apple*. Bodley Head. £3.95. 0 460 06138 1.

Nigel Williams: *Johnny Jarvis*. Puttin. £1.50. 0 1403 1650 7.

Rhodri Jones: *Delroy is Here*. Dent. £5.95. 0 460 06138 0.

Gene Kemp: *No Place Like*. Faber. £4.95. 0 571 13063 1.

Frances Thomas: *Dear Comrade*. Bodley Head. £3.50. 0 370 30559 0.

Linda Hoy: *The Damned*. Bodley Head. £4.50. 0 370 30520 5.

The liberal case

J. K. L. Walker

JOHN BRANFIELD
Thin Ice
152pp. Gollancz. £5.95.
0 575 03350 9

Civilized attitudes towards male homosexuality have been a slow growth in Britain; the liberal public orthodoxies have yet to be matched by private attitudes, which, according to age and education, may range from barely suppressed outrage to embarrassed resignation. In his new novel, *Thin Ice*, John Branfield provides young readers with an impeccable résumé of the liberal case; they may put it in their parents' Christmas stocking with every confidence.

Andy Trewin is seventeen and head boy of Bywaters, a Yorkshire boarding-school with a substantial intake of day-boys, situated some half-hour by train from the town of Barnsby where Andy lives with his mother and father, a minor civil servant of rebellious temperament exiled by the demands of his job from his native Cornwall. As the novel opens, snow is falling, heralding the start of the notorious winter of early 1947, a period when severe weather and post-war shortages seemed to many a disinterested verdict on Mr Atlee's government. It is against this wintry background and its cumulative daily discomforts and excitements that the story unfolds. Andy's school career is at a critical stage: as a liberally-minded head boy he finds his authority challenged by a group of prefects, headed by the obnoxious Pugsley, who are set on restoring beating; as the recent winner of a Cambridge scholarship

he must work hard for the county major scholarship that will finance him at the university. Andy attributes much of his success academically to his friendship with Duncan Smith, a young journalist on the local paper who also runs extra-mural evening classes in drama in Barnsby. After one such session, in which Andy has taken the name part in *Hamlet*, Duncan, over drinks in a local pub, discusses Freudian interpretations of the play and, later, reveals that he is a homosexual. This is no news to Andy, who has already been cast off by his girl-friend Gloria because of his association with Duncan, but he makes it clear that he himself has no homosexual inclinations.

A week-end trip over icy roads to Leeds in Duncan's car to visit his friends Michael, a middle-aged university lecturer, and Tony, a young shop-assistant, affords Branfield opportunities to discuss homosexuality and show it in action, domestically and socially. After drinking too much at a basement club, Andy is put to bed in Michael's flat by Duncan who rejects his half-hearted advances, explaining the next morning that if seduction had been in his mind he could have done it long since. The week-end however, has a disastrous sequel when Tony is picked up by the police and gives them a full account. Duncan is arrested and Andy put through a merciless cross-examination by plain-clothes detectives both at home and at Leeds police station in an abortive attempt to get him to incriminate Duncan. Later, to Andy's horror, Duncan is sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for a casual encounter with Tony. As the snow at last melts and floods engulf Barnsby, Andy reflects on the injustice of it all and, with apparent inconsequence, how Duncan's prison sentence

has prevented his reporting the floods for his paper. As a tailpiece to the novel, Branfield appends a note on the Wolfenden-inspired legislation of 1967.

Thin Ice is an open appeal to the social conscience of its readers but, for all that, Branfield puts the case (if, indeed, one should view it as a case) fairly, not attempting, for example, to gloss over the inconsistency of many homosexuals or the unlikelihood of a heterosexual marriage succeeding. Inevitably perhaps, much of the novel is conducted at the level of a debate, which makes for a certain thinness of characterization, notably of Duncan, who seems too good to be true at times, although the elder Trewins seem curiously quiescent for parents of this generation. That Branfield should have chosen to set his story in the pre-Wolfenden era, when legal punishments lay permanently in store for homosexuals, adds a necessary element of drama while enabling him to make the more general point that, as Andy comes to realize, it is the Pugsleys of this world, the men dressed to a little brief authority, who lie behind the laws that have condemned Duncan and who must be fought. The 1947 winter in the North of England, too, provides a heightened background to the events of the novel, while serving as an extended metaphor for the apparent permafrost in which homosexuals shivered, for Duncan, in prison, the thaw comes too late. Mr Branfield presents all this in a clipped, matter-of-fact style appropriate to his sensible conclusions and still touchy subject. This is a book that will appeal to all liberal-minded parents, and particularly those who like nothing better after the Christmas pudding and mince pies than a good rousing family discussion about homosexuality.

For every child's library

MICHAEL FOREMAN'S
A CHRISTMAS CAROL
by
CHARLES DICKENS

Michael Foreman's irresistible pictures conjure up the spirit of Scrooge and Marley's Ghost to haunt and delight a new generation.

From the winner of the 1982 Kate Greenaway Medal

128pp with colour plates and b/w drawings £5.95 unabridged
0 575 03311 8

The Best Song Book Ever
Sing a Song of Sixpence!

Compiled by Jane Hart
Colourfully illustrated by Anita Lobel

All the favourite nursery rhymes and traditional singing games appear in this splendid new volume. Pictures on every page and a simple musical score with each song.

125 songs 160pp £6.95 0 575 03275 8

Gollancz



Books for Older Readers

Vampire's Revenge
ERIC MORECAMBE

Discover the world of vampires with this rumbustious sequel to *The Reluctant Vampire* full of gore, ghoulies and laughter...
416285201 £5.50

Vampires, Werewolves and Phantoms of the Night
WINIFRED FINLAY

A spine-tingling collection of stories about the dark demonic creatures said to have haunted Europe from the age of the Druids to the present day.
416430406 £5.50

The Granny Project

ANNE FINE

Granny has become a bit of a liability — but the children refuse to face the possibility of life without her. A contemporary problem looked at with passion, sympathy and great humour.
416440008 £5.50

Redemption Greenbank

DAVID JOHNSTONE

A dark and gripping thriller, tautly written and richly atmospheric, about an orphan who brings a vicious murderer to justice.
416450504 £5.95



Tales of Terror

E. NESBIT

Edited by **HUGH LAMB**

From the author of *The Railway Children*, a haunting collection of stories which proves she was also the mistress of the macabre!
416288405 £5.50

Diamond Jack

JOSEPHINE POOLE

In this exciting horse story and gripping thriller Harriet fights to protect her horse from being shipped to France for a sinister purpose...
416451209 £6.50

Choose Methuen
this Christmas

Picture books 1

Paula Neuss

Water isn't everywhere, but the best books contain a good deal of it. In *There's a Hippo in my Bath* a small boy is joined in the water by a collection of creatures ranging from penguins to a whale, and washes the back and behind the ears of the starring hippopotamus (who should not have been abbreviated: small children like saying the whole word). This is a Japanese book and the low square bath causes some puzzlement at first, though the custom of sharing a bath with a number of other creatures seems quite usual to a child.

More hippopotamuses, this time on their hind legs and with pretty hats, are active in *Sophie and Jack help out*, apart, that is, from Pa; a, who is ill in bed (under a patchwork quilt with a beak). Spring has arrived and the vegetables for Papa's market garden must be planted, but Sophie and Jack's seedlings are uprooted one terrible stormy night. The hippo children "tidy up" but the plants grow in most admired disorder, with pumpkins where corn should grow and corn in place of beetroots. Susan Gantner's pictures are simple and colourful with lots of details for inventive development of the plot.

More water in *Tattie's River Journey*, a sort of updated version of the Noah story, except that Tattie - who is supposed to be "as beautiful as the star-flung night", though she doesn't look it - only takes passengers on board after the river flood has begun and there is none of Noah's orderliness about her. She rescues a baby and a young man whom she finally marries: "He was the homeliest young man Tattie had ever seen but his eyes were bright and kind . . . He thanked the cow and chicken for his supper". The pictures are good, especially those of objects bobbing in the flood, but the tale is mawkish. Not as mawkish, though, as *The Mouldy*, a Tolkien-influenced tale of a young boy's adventures in a world of "mouldy" things.

Another rather sick-making book is *Chuckie*, a new baby-in-the-house story, that goes on much too long. Lucy was a good girl who "helped her mum around the house" till baby Chuckie arrived. She stops making her bed and

won't eat her carrots, and does everything she can to annoy her baby brother, but he only gurgles with delight. Conversion comes when Chuckie's first word is "Lucy" rather than "Mum" or "Dad", and then Lucy eats not only her own carrots but Chuckie's as well.

Children's books with an obvious message never seem very successful, and even when little bits of moralizing (wishing behind one's ears as well as the hippo's) are slipped in they tend to spoil the story, though Sophie and Jack's tidying up after the storm seems so necessary that it hardly looks like indoctrination. In *Teo-Time* the message is that familiar one of "eat up your tea or else something awful will happen" and at first it does - the children get smaller and smaller and like Alice go down a hole, this time that of a mouse. But there such nice things happen that the moral gets confusing - John and Rachel join a mouse's party and the book turns into a cunning hawk as they eat from one jelly up to ten sugar pigs. They grow again and only just get out of the hole before returning to eat all their tea as well. The conclusion seems to be that it might be fun not to eat your tea to start with - hardly a pleasing message for parents.

Some similar confusion occurs in *The Adventures of Arthur and Edmund*, another water-based book. Two baby seals decide to go swimming when their parents are asleep, though they know they shouldn't. Some potentially nasty things occur - they meet a toothy shark and Edmund gets stuck in a rock, but he's pulled out by a little girl called Lucy. She invites them to her house and then returns them safely by boat to their parents, who have been worried out of their minds. This book is obviously written because its author likes drawing seals and it would have been better if the story had been as plain as the pictures. Still there are some nice moments, as when Edmund asks if a peanut butter sandwich is a fish.

Altko Hayashi: There's a Hippo in my Bath. Deut. £4.49. 0 460 06139 9.

Judy Taylor: Sophie and Jack help out. Illustrated by Susan Gantner. Bodley Head. £4.50. 0 370 305761 2.

Shirley Reussman Murphy: Tattie's River Journey. Illustrated by Tom de Paole. Methuen. £5.50. 0 416 43460 7.

William Maynet The Mouldy. Illustrated by Nicola Bayley. Cape. £4.95. 0 224 02092 7.

Nicki Wilson Chuckie. Methuen. £3.95. 0 416 450 77. *Chris and Sonia Knappi Teo-Time*. Illustrated by Valerie Littlewood. Julia MacRae Books. £4.95. 0 86203 142 7.

Bonnie Durrant: The Adventures of Arthur and Edmund. Deutsch. £4.95. 0 233 97535 7.

Match and miss

John Mole

MONIKA BEISNER
Monika Beisner's Book of Riddles
Cape. £4.95.
0 224 02091 9

There seems to be a vogue for riddles at the moment, and this handsomely produced book is an elegant contribution to the fashion. It consists of 101 riddles and conundrums, and a dozen full-page colour plates, showing all the solutions - as well as numerous decoys - which lead up to a set of pictures, immaculately lit landscapes. The effect is attractively surreal, and indeed one of the designs displays a table in the foreground with a pipe, a guttering candle, an hour-glass, three cowering magpies and much else carefully set against sand dunes and a cloudscape, which recall both Dali's "The Persistence of Memory" and Magritte's "Golden Legend". Monika Beisner is clearly a witty, alive, highly sophisticated illustrator. Another of the plates plays host and tribute to pretty well the entire pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood: a girl who is unmistakably related to Morris's Jane Burden as seen by Rossetti, sheep by courtesy of Holman Hunt and so on. While children are guessing at identities, some of their parents will be able to play Spot the Artist.

Opposite each picture is a group of riddles, some traditional and some presumably by

Monika Beisner herself, which correspond to a selection of its items. So, for example, a key ("What force and strength cannot get through / I, with a gentle touch can do . . .") is discovered tucked under the wing of a dove whose "first in window but not in pane" end who had better watch out for that cat whose "first in is chocolate but not in hem" as it climbs a beautifully designed tree which isn't the answer to anything. Things can be pieced happily towards completion, back and forth between text and picture, and there's much to enjoy in the solving. What gets left out, though, is also pleasantly teasing. In one picture, dominated by a trio of magnificent peacocks ("More eyes have I than I do need for sight"), a pert, conspicuous robin perches on an open book and a stork stands over its nest built on a distant chimney, but neither of them claims its riddle. The shadow cast by one of the peacocks, however, does. This game of match and miss should keep the reader alert, although, of course, answers are supplied at the back of the book.

When the words are said and done, this is really a picture book. Monika Beisner's images are haunting in a precise, chilly and slightly morbid manner. There's something rather in-ent about their fastidious detail and impeccable, poised finish. Cold, impersonal they are just a little too brilliant to satisfy the imagination. Nevertheless everything is this while it lasts, and the whole decorative enterprise is worthy of the highest order.



Avoiding a procession through the streets of Manhattan of characters from children's literature (now justifiably including a huge model of himself), Anno traips off past the lions of the New York Public Library into Central Park where, instead of jogging and mugging, the acquisition of Manhattan from the Indians is taking place: one of the many cheery anachronistic vignettes in Anno's USA by Mizumasa Anno (Bodley Head. £5.50. 0 370 30570 1) - a delightful sequel to Anno's travels in Italy and Britain.

Picture books 2

Barbara Sherrard-Smith

Cheerfulness is the keynote of the seasonal picture book. The cover of *We wish you a Merry Christmas* shows a group of rosy-cheeked children singing in the snow. On the end papers, even the cows look pleased as they are glimpsed across on expanse of snow. Inside, the group of engagingly dumpy children tramps across each snowy page, chanting the verses of the traditional West Country carol. They all emphatically like figgy pudding, and the pictures provide a witty and unexpected account of what happens when there is none in the pantry and they won't go till they've got some. The exuberance of the pictures, and the wealth of amusing detail, will appeal equally to small children and discerning adults.

The Christmas Story combines the traditional and the new less happily. The story of the birth of Christ is told in the words of the King James' version of the Bible, but the illustrations fall disappointingly far short of the text. Hard coloured pencils have been used for the drawings, and there is little variation of technique for landscapes, interiors, or people. There is at times a disquieting element of caricature; the shepherds are scarcely less manning than the justifiably repellent Herod. Certainly the gap toothed smile of one of them is unnerving, and the other two appear not so much simple, as simple-minded. An earnest desire for realism has produced harshly unattractive pictures, lacking in originality.

In contrast, the pictures in Jan Mogenssen's *Mary's Christmas Present* are romantic, and charmingly so. Subtle colours evoke a snow-covered world; palely blue in the moonlight, or cold and beautiful under a watery sun. The pictures capture the look and feel of the enchanted winter days of childhood, and are much more interesting than the tale itself. This somewhat tediously involves a walking talking teddy bear, an anthropomorphic black bird, a small girl (scarcely surprising that she is rather taciturn) and a lost and found gold chain.

The Cobweb Christmas has a happier combination of words and pictures. The story reads well aloud, and it is affectionately and quirkily illustrated. Once upon a Christmas time in Germany, lived an old woman who had so many animals that her tiny cottage wasn't tidy. She didn't fuss till the days grew short and the

nights grew long. Then she made all her usual preparations and shared them with village children and animals. However, this Christmas proved to be a special one, a time of magic, and the beginning of the custom of decorating the tree with tinsel.

Leo's Christmas Surprise is also about preparations, this time contemporary ones in a situation which many readers will recognize. Leo, a likeable small boy, has sung a line or so of "Jingle Bells" and looked at his grandmother's Christmas cards and now doesn't know what to do. Everyone else is very busy, and Leo wonders from one member of the family to the next, but it is grandfather's birthday which provokes really puzzling, and eventually provides the happy surprise of the title. The pictures, which amusingly amplify the text, have no need of being lovely quality, and are distinguished from the run of the mill by their liveliness.

A final festive note is provided by John Pinter's *The Party*. Detailed and inventive pictures, set out in cartoon style, are arranged on the pages in traditional and regular fashion to portray natural events at the beginning. A small girl is intrigued by preparations for an adult party. Like many a child before and since, she persuades her parents to let her stay up for it. However, she finds it all boring in the excitement, until something odd happens. Her fascinated gaze, the heads of the adults change into the heads of animals, and the party turns up considerably. Her discovery next day that she had fallen asleep explains the phenomenon, but does not detract from the humour. To depict a hoppyly lunatic fantasy, the pictures expand and burgeon. Succinct commentary looking from various characters adds to the fun.

Tracy Campbell Pearson: *We wish you a Merry Christmas*. Bodley Head. £4.50. 0 370 30575 8.

Ellis Trimby: *The Christmas Story*. Faber. £4.50. 0 571 13109 3.

Jan Mogenssen: *Mary's Christmas Present*. Hamish Hamilton. £4.75. 0 241 11014 9.

Shirley Cline: *The Cobweb Christmas*. Illustrated by Joe Lasker. Hamish Hamilton. £4.50. 0 241 11013 X.

Nicki Daly: *Leo's Christmas Surprise*. Colman. £4.50. 0 575 03274 X.

John Pinter: *The Party*. Bodley Head. £4.95. 0 370 30509 4.

A Jungian influence in Judith Kerr's work, hinted at in the dream sequences in *Mog and the Baby* and *Mog's Christmas*, takes more definite form in her latest book *Mog in the Dark* (Collins. £3.95. 0 00 183769 9), which is probably the most alarming book in a series which is written in a series of "what if" questions. The action takes place in the garden at night and this is contrasted with glimpses of the reassuring domesticity of the Thomas family watching television. Most of the "adventure" occurs within Mog's dream as

she flies through a seemingly lifeless dark blue sky, encountering strange winged moths, brightly coloured birds with teeth, an anti-home and an anti-supper, before returning to the brightly lit house and being made aware of the children. The darker elements should not be too disquieting for readers familiar with Mog's hazardous life and there is plenty of reassurance in the repetitions broken rhythm of Kerr's narrative style and to her characteristic awkward figures.

Cutting a dash

Julia Briggs

ROBY KEE AND ANDREW MAWSON
Choderella
0745 0073 7
The Sleeping Beauty
0745 0071 0
Beauty and the Beast
0745 0072 9
Fairytale Castles. Walker Books. £3.95.

MAUREEN ROFFEY
Make-Your-Own Pop-Up Circus Book
Bodley Head. £4.95.
0 370 30528 0
JASPER DIMOND
Noah's Ark
Hamish Hamilton. £4.95.
0 241 10966 3

FAITH JAGUES
Little Grey Rabbit's House
0434 9785 1
Our Village Shop
0434 9443 2
Hesperian. £4.95 each.

When is a book not a book? One answer might be "When it's a toy or a game". From surprisingly early on, publishers have shown interest in what is termed "play potential", though early examples of such marginalia arouse more enthusiasm in toy collectors than in historians of children's books. The use of a page or part of a page as an indicator of some kind goes back beyond the eighteenth century and John Newbery's *Little Lottery-Book for Children*, past George Wilber's emblem book, complete with splinter for selecting the day's emblem, to the use of biblical stories, passages selected at random to provide guidance. Much more obviously non-books are those known in the trade as "novelty" books where pictures change by popping up or out, or flipping over; these too are almost as old as children's books themselves, having been around since Robert Sayer's "turn-up" books of the 1760s. The most elaborate and expensive examples are Victorian, though imitated their fragile nature and the inevitable churlishness of their recipients, few have survived intact. Many of them involved quite complex feats of paper engineering, the variety of effects ranging from the simplest of pulled tabs through springs, strings and the interlocking of a series of different sprockets and levers.

Looking at unlike books as they can manage as Walker Books' paper castles, complete with pop-out drawbridges, and telling one of three favourite fairy tales. They are made up of three hinged sections, two peap-show style wings flanking a central box from which a conical "fold-out protrudes with the story upon it. They are gaily coloured and pretty drawn in the currently fashionable manner of Ray Nelson or Errol Le Cain, but the artists Roby Kee and Andrew Mawson have not sufficiently allowed for the small scale they were working in, and too often the impact of the events illustrated is lost amid distracting detail. Each castle is given a distinctive architectural character and its own colour scheme, but these are inadequately related to the story; for example, *Beauty and the Beast*, visually the most coherent, uses a snake motif and the central scene, a folded opos out of a fanged mouth in the form of a ridged dragon's tail, yet this

arresting reptile has no connection with the Beast, who remains his traditional ursine self. These castles are just another example of the current emphasis on the visual element in children's books; too often it is allowed, even encouraged, to swamp the text and drain it of significance. The cost of such thoughtless subordination is that the artwork is isolated and fails to connect with, or hold, the imagination. We only want to look at it once.

Peepshows and pop-up books, like crackers, involve intensive labour. Just how much handwork goes into them is revealed by Maureen Roffey's ingenious *Make-Your-Own Pop-Up Circus Book*: here a series of pressed-out shapes, glued together in surprisingly complicated ways, make lions jump through hoops, weight-lifters raise their dumb-bells, and a crocodile emerges from a clown's trombone, at the tug of a tab. These home-made devices, apart from satisfying one's curiosity as to how such things are done, are unexpectedly strong, unlike the book's jokes. The dexterity required to assemble the paper mechanics correctly is not commensurate with the age-group the completed book seems intended for, so perhaps it should be made by an older child to give a younger one. An age gap between the maker and the user is a problem that most designers of paper models have failed to overcome.

Jasper Dimond's *Noah's Ark* becomes both a book and a model, since half of the pages tear off and reassemble to form a highly decorative ark, Noah, and his menagerie (not all of whom fit into the ark simultaneously, thus frustrating the literal-minded). This is a charming, if temporary, way of introducing that trusted character, who, with his entourage of animal companions, still appeals to the very young. So does Little Grey Rabbit, if only because parents brought up on her want to share her with their own children. Faith Jagues's delightful paper model house comes complete with movable furniture and the main protagonists. The colours of the house are much brighter, the outlines much sharper and more accurate, than those in Margaret Temper's original paintings, but only excessive play would allow us to prefer the wishy-washy prototypes. Faith Jagues also peddles nostalgia in the form of a model village shop, decorated with advertisements for Pears' Soap, Colman's Mustard and Stephens' Ink, equipped with baskets and barrels of goodies, and inhabited by Welshian proprietors and customers.

Although it's possible to buy paper models of the Empire State Building, of space rockets and sports cars, this medium seems better suited to represent the toys or buildings of yesterday, the houses, shops and theatres of our grandparents, and not merely because they themselves were so fond of making all sorts of things out of paper, from cake decorations to scrap screens, but because somehow the whole business of settling down to model-making, scissors, gum and small impatient co-workers at hand, suggests a more leisured society than our own. (In which toys normally arrive already pressed out, coloured in and battery-driven). But at this time of the year a long Sunday afternoon before the fire, with model book and helpers affords an attractive prospect. Don't forget that the final product, like life itself, is better played with and torn a little than left to accumulate dust on the nursery shelf.

Sheep

The Truth about the Sheep alas
Is that it leads a childish life
Head in the fairy-tale of grass
And never thinks about the knife.

They leap when shearers shave them bare.
"Look, we're lambs again", they bleat.
But their lambs lament and stare
"First you were wool but now you're meat!"
Heavy harvest on the trot
Bags of cash that sit in clover
Where would Sheep be if they were not?
Sheep would long ago be over.

TED HUGHES

Object lessons

Celina Fox

MARIANNE FORD
Copycats
Illustrated by Anno Pugh
Deutsch. £6.95.
0 233 97584 5

I once watched a party of schoolchildren in the Public Record Office Museum, who had discovered to their delight that by simultaneously stroking the carpet with their feet and the metal showcase frames with their hands, they could experience a considerable electric shock. The assumed order of priorities in a museum - temple of culture rather than fun palace - is rarely grasped instinctively by the average child. This excellent book, however, seeks to make the combination of enjoyment and instruction painless, if not quite effortless.

The author explains in the foreword that she took some children on a cold wet afternoon to see a Russian Imperial Easter Egg. The outing was a success and having bought some silk, sequins, pearls and sawdust, they set about making their own jewelled eggs. Encouraged by the children's enthusiasm and the grow-ups' appreciation, she embarked on a "Rainy Days" collection. In order to qualify, each subject had to have enough history to stimulate a visit to a museum, art gallery or historic house, and each artefact had to be sufficiently interesting to inspire an associated project.

The outcome is a well-planned imaginative book. Each subject is accompanied by a lively account of its history, spiced with apt quotations and examples, as well as a step-by-step series of drawings of the associated projects. The text is further enhanced by illustrations from a wide range of sources. The pomander project is embellished with a fine silver-gilt Flemish example, from which enamelled segments open to reveal a choice of six fragrances. The gingerbread man is a dashing curly-headed cavalier. The section on how to make Halloween disguises is accompanied by an elaborate gilded papier-mâché Siamese mask of the Demon Prince Ravans. Even the humble apron-bane of many a schoolgirl's needlework lesson - is transformed by the seductive presence of a pottery Minoan snake goddess on the same page. The compilation is testament to the belief that children can be inspired by works of art, instead of being patronized by over-simple

lessons in making ugly objects.

Given school economies in craft activities, these extra-curricular schemes are increasingly important in encouraging creativity at little cost. Instead, there is a good chance that any child who successfully follows the projects in this book would be able to compete with students from the Inchbold School of Design. There is more than a soupçon of Fulham Road interior decoration in the skills advanced, with instructions on marbling and other painted finishes, stencilling and appliqué hangings, silhouettes and Flora Delanica. Not that all the lessons are so parochial. American crafts are strongly represented with beautiful illustrations of hooked rag rugs, quilts, an Uncle Sam moneybox and a witch on a broomstick whirling. There are also Greek rattles, Roman dolls and games, and a Japanese influence on the sections on kites, lacquered shells and wooden boxes.

Although many of the diagrams showing frilly-cuffed fingers at work strongly suggest that the book is intended primarily for girls, some of the historical illustrations are more broad-minded. Private Thomas Walker is painted by T. W. Wood quilting while convalescing in his hospital bed during the Crimean War. Four examples are shown from a collection of straw marquetry, made by French prisoners at Norman Cross Camp during the Napoleonic Wars. There is an early nineteenth-century illustration of "The Wensley Dale Knitters", from George Walker's *Costume in Yorkshire*, which shows men alongside women and children busy knitting in the village street.

The book ends with notes on each project, which are endearingly frank. We learn that making paper creates an awful mess and that the gold ink used for lino cuts is still tacky after two years; on the other hand, making bow ties was a great success. Thoughtfully, the author mentions that Swarfaega is an invaluable asset when working with oil paints or glue. The acknowledgments and bibliography are full and generous, in contrast to the usual perfunctory and inaccurate nature of such compilations. My only quibble is the title. "Copycats" has a pejorative connotation, indicating that the subject is either too stupid, lazy or unimaginative to think for himself. On the contrary, this book should stimulate a wide range of creative activity among children when they are at their most imaginative, practical and acquisitive.



EDWARD BOOTH-CLIBBORN

My Father and Edward Ardizzone: A Lasting Friendship
A personal memoir illustrated with original Christmas cards drawn by Edward Ardizzone. 48pp. £7.50. 0 7444 0018 X.

ghastly
games

Illustrated in full colour
Keep them amused with those Ghastly Games... just the thing for those long winter evenings! Observer
24pp. £4.95. 0 7444 00120



JOHN LAWRENCE
George's Elephant and Castle
Illustrated in full colour

There's a lovely wit to title, text and drawings in this stirring tale of George, a retired soldier, and his elephant who together enjoy a travelling life!
Books For Your Children
32pp. £4.95. 0 7444 00163

Patrick Hardy Books

Guinea-pigs

Anthony Horowitz

ROBERT CORMIER
The Bumblebee Flies Anyway
241pp. Gollancz. £5.95.
0575 033274

Behind the singularly unappealing dust-jacket and the clumsy – if apposite – title of Robert Cormier's latest book is a novel you are unlikely to forget. It is a startling piece of writing: sometimes brutal, sometimes distasteful, but always uncompromisingly honest.

The story takes place in an experimental hospital in America where terminally ill patients are being used as voluntary guinea-pigs for new medical treatments. The central character, seventeen-year-old Baroey Snow, is having his memory altered by a newly discovered chemical process. Baroey is an outsider, different from the other patients. He alone is not dying. But his discovery of the true nature of the experiments being performed on him provides a horrifying twist of a kind rarely encountered in either adult or teenage fiction.

That this is teenage rather than adult fiction – and as in all Cormier's work, the distinction is a narrow one – is only indicated by the story itself. Baroey steals a wooden cut-out of a car from a neighbouring junk-yard to treat a rich, wasted friend to "one big wild ride". Given the context, some sort of narrative relief is doubtless necessary. But in a curious way it also diverts from the reality of the situation. As Baroey climbs fences and drags large pieces of

wood through the hospital to a conveniently abandoned attic, it is all too easy to pull back from your involvement by reminding yourself that this is, after all, just a story.

Whatever their activities, however, the characters are over less than wholly credible. Baroey is helped in his endeavours by the wheelchair-bound Billy the Kidney and the pathetic, spastic Allie. The relationship between these three is masterfully handled. They are friends in the tradition of all teenagers on adventures. But at the same time they hardly dare acknowledge that friendship, knowing its inevitable end. They live in self-made compartments. Together but alone.

Cormier's style of writing is equally merciless. A description of the spastic boy: "His hands were spiders forever climbing invisible webs." An injection is: "the slice of pain in his arm that admitted the merchandise." The language of the hospital itself is one of its starkest horrors. Patients are "residents", drugs are "merchandise", the doctor is "The Handyman" and pain is never mentioned in deference to "discomfort".

The Bumblebee Flies Anyway raises some profound questions about medical ethics, about manipulation and about the attitudes to death of the dying and those closest to them. Even more enduring, however, are the final images of the book where, despite everything, a mood of magnificent optimism prevails, soaring from the terrible mundanity of pain and suffering to the inspiring and poetic victory of the unbroken human spirit.

Prototypes

Sarah Hayes

BETSY BYARS
The Glory Girl
114pp. Bodley Head. £4.95.
0370 309979

Take an eleven-year-old, who doesn't fit in. Add a dead or hostile parent and a rich compensatory fantasy life. Throw in a happening to make your protagonist accept himself; and there you have a Betsy Byars novel. Some story, same mental furniture, same sad-comic attitude to life. Ellyd Byton used to say her books were like cotton reels: all she had to do was unroll the thread. With Betsy Byars it's more like barbed wire she's unrolling, but the principle is the same. Byars novels are formula products, without a doubt; not the comfortable quality formulas of Nesbit, Sutcliffe or Garner, but irritating psycho-social formulas. Yet, in the teeth of such criticism, each novel works.

The Glory Girl is no exception. It succeeds in spite of itself. Only one interesting thing happens, but the novel can be read at high speed. The characters are selfish and sad, but they are funny too. The story runs to a lean hundred and fourteen pages, but it is all meat. The barest of statements – Betsy Byars has no time for description – can convey a whole person. Take the heroine's horrible father: at home he is a tyrant: "When anybody saw Mr Glory in a rage, they never doubted that people had evolved from animals." On stage, with a sympathetic audience, he is happy, but only for a moment: "Mr Glory ran his hands through his

limp hair. He needed another body permanent."

Each member of the Glory family is weak and self-centred in a different (but believable) way. The mother, oppressed and twitchy; the older sister, careless and pretty; the younger twin brothers, hyperactive and impossible. Only Anna is not; but she can only think of herself in negatives, for she is the only person in the Glory family who cannot sing. Downed to stand forever at the back of freezing halls selling tapes and records of the Glory Chorus Singers, Anno feels essentially separate from her family and alone. When Uncle Newt is paroled from jail and the fragile equilibrium of the Glory family is upset, Anna hopes for escape. But Newt, an ex-bank robber, is pathetic – shy and institutionalized. No way does he want to be a part of his brother's tawdry empire. When he rescues the family from a horrifying car accident, Newt disappears before anyone can say thank you. He returns briefly a few months later, slips into the back of a hall to tell Anna that she is "the best of the bunch". As the interval lights go on, Anna stands up with her tray of cassettes and smiles for the first time in her life.

Where this book differs from most of its predecessors is in its bleak conclusion. Anna has no special gift to help her cope, and all she discovers by the end of the story is her own generous nature, which is not going to take her very far. Adult readers, trained to expect the sour-sweet, won't mind, but children may long for a Noel Streatfeild-type hidden talent, and might feel just a little cheated by this small and masterpiece.

Stretching sympathies

Nicholas Tucker

ALISON PRINCE
Goodbye Summer
160pp. Methuen. £6.50.
0416 446000

Alison Prince is a good writer; her sentences have an authority that normally makes it easy for readers to sit back and let the story take over. Even so, *Goodbye Summer* does not come off: it remains only a half-successful attempt at describing a bright, attractive teenage heroine's infatuation with an empty, self-admiring young stud. This is not an easy assignment for any author, since the only things really going for Nick – the anti-hero – are his dark eye-lashes, tousled hair, leather jacket, big square teeth and the "thin flat sides of his face that break into creases when he smiles". Otherwise he comes over as a selfish jerk. In a film (played by John Travolta) or an illustrated love-comic (played by a Travolta look-alike) the overriding physical attractions of so dreary a person could just become credible. In cold print, the passion he causes in someone so clearly his superior seems

stilly rather than tragic, and sympathies become dangerously stretched before Sasha – the heroine – decides to pack him in.

Linked to this theme is a running battle. Sasha has with her menopausal mother and her more benign, intermittently present bank-manager father. Why is he so often away? Yes, he is having an affair too; something Sasha talks through with him and determines to resolve in a rush of moral tidying up that occurs in the last few pages. By this time, she has settled down to learning the fashion trade with Mr and Mrs Abraham, an elderly Jewish dream-dick pair of employers, all hugs, twinkling smiles and gentle chuckles. And Sasha turns out to be a talented model as well as possessing "great flair" at cutting and designing.

All this later, rather soft-centred sweet story somewhat dissipates tension meanwhile, so that Nick's growing snarls and Sasha's unhappiness (and well described drunkenness and party make-a-las impact that they should) when Nick finally fails to turn up, stays away and then turns up again, there is an element of "what?" as well as "Quiet Autumn sunshine" in the air. *Goodbye Summer* is aimed at older readers and some may quite enjoy it.

Form and physiology

Jennifer Creer

JONATHAN MILLER and DAVID PELHAM
The Human Body
Cape. £7.95.
0274 000862

GERMAINE FINIFTER
Tell Me about My Body and How It Works
Cape. £3.95.
001 1958364
GWYNETH YEVERS
Your Body
1. Skin and Bone
0 370 30501 9
2. Blood and Lungs
0 370 30527 2
Illustrated by Sarah Pooley
Bodley Head. £3.75 each.
CHRISTIAN BARNARD
Junior Body Machine
Kestrel. £5.25
0726 5629 X

The pop-up *The Human Body* by Jonathan Miller and David Pelham has been hailed on all sides as an innovation. It is not, however, an original concept; seventeenth-century medical textbooks used three-dimensional diagrams as teaching aids. The technology is more sophisticated and the demonstration more explicit, but one is entitled to ask, whether this is an appropriate or effective vehicle for teaching anatomy.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

Briefly told

Bra Gillies

LILLA BERG
Time for Telling
Illustrated by Danuta Landowska.
Methuen. £3.95.
0416 250807

KATHARINE MAYO
My Tales from France
Illustrated by Carol Lockhart Smith.
Cape and Ward.
1982 3909 9

ANDREW HODGSON
A Touch of Gold: Stories from the Greek Myth
Illustrated by Carol Barker.
Methuen.
1982 22400 6

And television serials based on classic novels were told, given a book to sales of Jane Austen and Trollope, John Galsworthy and Henry James; similarly, programmes such as *Pandora's Box* and *Thesaurus's Fight with the Minotaur*. Greek myths are, for some reason, rare in children's books nowadays. These will serve admirably to draw a new generation into a world that has nourished our civilisation since its beginnings.

biologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success, while the longer established and more socially useful technique of kidney transplantation receives only a passing mention, and then only in discussion of future medical concepts. Some analogies are unhelpful; "oxygen explodes with glucose in muscle cells to produce energy". Strangely, platelets are omitted from a description of the blood. The use of X-rays is, confined apparently, to the diagnosis of broken bones, and the dangers of obesity are limited to fat coating of arteries. The use of named individuals to illustrate certain points is a little bizarre: Lord Byron as a great intellect, and David Steele in the description of aging. The index is incomplete in this book also. Despite these shortcomings, however, topics are on the whole handled thoughtfully; detailed information is presented comprehensively and pleasantly. This book should appeal to a wide range of junior body machine-owners and their parents.

At times basic ("you can think of your body as a space capsule"), the text can also confuse: the references to the illustrations are frequently inadequate; some comparisons are unhelpful ("the liver, weighing as much as a big watermelon"); and some descriptive passages leave the reader in suspense ("urine is then stored in the bladder ready for disposal" – by whom and where?). Finding the kidneys in the "life support system" would require the assistance of a nephrologist and the route of expiration, though listed, could not be found. The blood volume should surely be recorded in metric units in a contemporary publication. *The Human Body* is beguiling at first sight but all the ingenuity has gone into the paper engineering instead of the body in question. Attractive and clever, though it appears, it is difficult to negotiate and it is hard to guess at which age group it is directed. It is over- clever in form yet leaves surprising gaps.

In contrast to the adventurous format of Jonathan Miller's book, *Tell me about My Body and How It Works* uses the time-honoured question-and-answer formula. Unfortunately some questions are left unanswered ("What do our hearts look like inside? Are there many nerves in the body?"). Some facts are inaccurate; the explanations of why babies cannot stand and, on a more superficial level, of why white patches occur on nails, are physiologically incorrect. The juxtaposition of some topics is bizarre: a clear description of faeces is followed by one of the eye; an exposition of the evils of smoking is followed by an explanation of enuresis. Some of these vagaries may be explained by the restrictions imposed by the layout but one wonders why the topics "why do we die?", and "what is the point of living?" are discussed at all – especially since both are dealt with badly. The illustrations are unimaginative.

The *Bodley Head's Your Body* series is presented in slim volumes likely to appeal to both children and adults since they are easier to use than larger, more comprehensive books. The first two volumes cover both topics well but there are the inevitable problems of how to explain medical matters; there is a bewildering mixture of medical and lay terms, and many of the former (for example, the sebaceous gland) are unexplained and this can only hinder the young reader. The illustrations are lively but too much labelling is included on each picture. There are few inaccuracies and those that there are to do not markedly impair the text. The inclusion of an index is unusual in a book of this sort and it is a shame that it is incomplete. The general approach is pleasant and informative.

Junior Body Machine is an attractive book; it is well presented combining diagrams, drawings and photographs in a well balanced and pleasing format. Each page consists of a descriptive text together with well-labelled pictures and some information is boxed and distinct from the text. This too is a formula that many readers, especially younger ones, will find appealing. They may, however, be confused by some of the questions which remain unanswered in the text or in the answer section at the end of the book and by the factual errors: ("glycerol is stored in the liver. In young children the nerve tentacles are rough"). Perhaps the particular surgical interest of the consultant editor accounts for the lengthy description of heart transplant success

The commoners' quarters

W. G. Beasley

EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER
Low City, High City: Tokyo from Edo to the
Earthquake
302pp. Allen Lane. £16.95.
07139 15978

When Engelbert Kaempfer went to Edo at the end of the seventeenth century he saw it from the samurai's point of view. Its centre-piece was the Shogun's castle, now the imperial palace. In the area round it were "many broad ditches and canals, with high ramparts raised on both sides, at the top whereof were planted rows of trees", together with noble residences "distinguished from other houses by large courtyards and stately gates". The commercial districts — busy, crowded, built of such combustible materials "that we need not wonder at the great havoc fires make in this country" — were something to be noticed, with a certain aloof interest, from the vantage of a feudal retinue threading its way to the government quarter.

This view of the city was shared by most official foreigners in the period after the opening of Japanese ports to trade in 1859. Works like Rutherford Alcock's *The Capital of the Tycoon* (1863) have made it almost conventional. Yet there was another, derived originally from Japanese accounts, but remoter, in the sense that it did not require a personal knowledge of Edo topography: the artist's and scholar's view, not the visitor's. This was Edo as the centre of a distinctive urban culture, product of the merchant quarters, which was characterized by geisha and kabuki actors, by colour-

prints and a vigorous prose literature. The two ways of life, that of the samurai and that of the townsman, are essential elements in what we now take to be Japanese tradition.

Together they explain Edward Seidensticker's choice of title. Low City is, in pre-modern terms, the commoner's Edo. High City is the feudal lord's. Because the latter is built where a ridge lifts above the plain, while the former occupies land which was mostly reclaimed from the marshes along the bay shore, "high" and "low" have a geographical as well as social meaning. The way in which these differences extend into modern times is one strand in the book. Another is how the city that gave its name to a phase of Japanese culture has changed as culture has changed: in its physical appearance, in where people choose to live, in how they get from one part of it to another, in the jobs they do, in how they spend their leisure hours, in what they think about these things. The emphasis is on Tokyo as a place, not as Japan's capital. The theme is what happened to it in the first phase of Japanese modernization, bounded chronologically by the downfall of the Tokugawa in 1867 and the devastating earthquake of 1923, that is, the reigns of the Meiji and Taisho emperors.

Significantly, it was the Low City that suffered most in 1923, and it is the Low City that is the book's primary focus. This reflects its author's predilections, of course. There is little doubt that it also identifies what is most likely to interest the non-Japanese reader. The government offices, embassies, commercial headquarters and superior residential districts which have replaced the samurai's High City do not have universal appeal, despite their historical and sociological importance. The cul-

ture of the Low City does, whatever the changes in environment.

Seidensticker is an admirable guide to all this. When he is describing the decline of the Shinagawa pleasure quarters, because the new railway skirted the sea, rather than serving it, or the growth of Shinjuku, due to the westward movement of population, or the building of factories east of the Sumida River, and Mitsubishi's development of a "meadow" near the imperial palace into the Marunouchi office district, he conveys a sense of visual immediacy, possible only to a man who really knows his town. When he talks about the sideslows of Asakusa, or the successive relocations of the kabuki theatre, or the first horseracing, or famous crimes, or baseball, or the domestication of Western styles of living through the influence of department stores and advertising, it is as a social historian able to draw upon a vast range of Japanese newspapers and literature for anecdotes and other illustrative quotations. The novelists Nagai Kafu and Tanizaki Junichiro are particularly well represented. One result is a tone of nostalgia about the book, echoing that of its sources. Another is that the writing retains a certain Japanese quality. To those who know the city well, it is highly evocative: an anecdotal and discursive guide-book in the historical dimension.

To say this is to raise a question, however. Can one successfully produce a book in this vein about Tokyo, as one can about Vienna or Paris or London? One certainly cannot rely in the same way on the existence of an informed public. Few people in the West study Japanese history and culture. More, but still not very many, visit Tokyo, and those who do find ignorance of the language an obstacle to

wandering its streets at will, except in very restricted central areas. Television has not yet made the city familiar.

Compounding this difficulty is the fact that Tokyo does not lend itself to the same kind of guidebook treatment as its European equivalents. Fires, floods, earthquakes and bombing have contributed to its modern transformation, but they have left it almost without ancient monuments. It is not a place for visiting shrines and temples, like Kyoto. It has no "old" quarter. Nor is it outstandingly scenic, either in itself or in its surroundings. The relics from its past are often small things — prints, lacquerware, costume — which are best seen in museums. Buildings — and few survive from the beginning of the century — are commonly Western-style and derivative, hence of less interest to Western visitors than they are to Japanese.

Accordingly, an author writing about Tokyo has to try to convey a sense of atmosphere without much help from the physical environment. The essence of the city's life, Seidensticker argues, is to be found in taste and style, expressed in performance rather than objects. "Edo culture was better than anything it led to posterity. . . . The best of Edo was in the Kabuki theatre and in the pleasure quarters, whose elegant evenings also wore a theatrical aspect." In describing it, and what has replaced it, by means of a book about the city, he has set himself an exceptionally difficult task. And he has tackled it exceptionally well. His book is knowledgeable (one must blame the printer, presumably, for transposing the names of two districts, Akasaka and Asakusa, on the map of Tokyo in 1892); beautifully written; and engagingly illustrated, mostly by Meiji and Taisho prints.

The ruling ten per cent

J. A. A. Stockwin

Classes in Contemporary Japan
357pp. Cambridge University Press. £17.50.
0521 247799
TADASHI FUKUTAKE
The Japanese Social Structure: Its Evolution in
the Modern Century
Translated by Ronald P. Dore
232pp. University of Tokyo Press.
Distributed by Global Book Resources. £10.
086083160

A series of widely read works on Japan in recent years have conditioned us to believe that certain alleged peculiarities of Japanese society are the key to Japan's economic resilience both in the boom times of the 1960s and during the current world recession. The cultural anthropologist Nakane Chie, in her influential book of the early 1970s, *Japanese Society*, popularized the notion of Japan as a "vertical society" in which the significant social divisions were between rival organizations (principally private companies), rather than between so-called "horizontal" divisions, namely social classes. By avoiding the social and economic pitfalls of endemic class conflict afflicting most European countries, Japan was able to benefit from group loyalty, decision-making by consensus, and unremitting hard work by virtually the whole of her population. Public opinion polls suggested that some 80 per cent of Japanese regard themselves as belonging to the "middle class", however recently been used to show that a "working class" now scarcely exists in the sense of a self-conscious industrial proletariat.

Rob Steven, in *Classes in Contemporary Japan*, challenges their view head-on with an enormous array of statistics and a merciless Marxist critique of Japan's social system. In doing so he has little difficulty in establishing himself as the leading contemporary Marxist writer in English on Japanese society, but despite his ideological persuasion he proves to be a powerful political sociologist. The sheer bulk of statistical information contained in this book is noteworthy: 172 tables are referred to in the table of contents, but there are additional ones in the text which are left unnumbered. Many of these are derived from official publications but others were generated by surveys of em-

ployers and employees conducted by Steven himself in the late 1970s. Such a well-organized store of information concerning social stratification and related questions in Japan would be difficult to find elsewhere in English within a single volume.

Steven's argument is that social classes are clearly distinguishable, and that Japanese society as a whole is both unequal and exploitative. Exploitation occurs in part because of extreme concentration of economic power within the industrial structure in oligopolistic firms that are ruthless with smaller firms to which they subcontract work. Exploitative class relations are also facilitated, according to Steven, by a fundamental division within society between what he calls the "labour aristocracy" of workers on long-term contract with the larger firms, the "mass workers" in smaller firms and the "reserve army" of casual workers hired and fired at will. These three types of worker are "in the same fundamental relationship to the capitalist class as a whole", in that together "they function to produce the social surplus and promote the circulation of the total social capital under the direct control of the capitalist class". Nevertheless, they differ in various important ways. For instance, the labour aristocracy is created on purpose; it seems, since the "growing danger from collective workers, who are a product of the concentration and centralization of capital, must be countered by providing a material basis for their loyalty to capital, one which no nineteenth century worker could possibly have dreamed of. The function of the reserve army, at the other extreme, "is to allow the usual forms of uneven development [of capitalism], which requires reducing the value of the working class labour power and shifting workers in and out of the labour process, to occur without serious threats to the overall functioning of the system".

The central powerbase of capitalism is of course the "bourgeoisie", defined as the "ruling class", that somehow or other manages to get hold of the social surplus. Steven devotes much effort (and many tables) in an attempt to determine as precisely as possible the limits of this class, as well as the nature of its methods of control and exploitation, through such techniques as interlocking stock ownership. It is his belief, a class that can easily be overthrown since with "over one person in ten possessing a strong interest in capitalism, the problem of overthrowing the bourgeoisie is

similar to those of removing the white regime in South Africa". The "petty bourgeoisie" (that is, employers in Japan's innumerable small firms) largely support the "bourgeoisie" itself, despite a much lower standard of living, great insecurity and many relative disadvantages, and in spite of long-term efforts by the Japan Communist party to entice them into a united front. Steven also devotes chapters to the peasantry and to the educated middle class, and the final part of *Classes in Contemporary Japan* is concerned with the role of the state in accumulation and social control, and contains a particularly interesting section on the role of the police in controlling working-class militancy.

Several things can be said about this extraordinary book. The first is that it tends to disprove the argument put forward by the American political scientist Robert Scahnpas as long ago as 1967 that Japan is now in essence a "post-Marxist society", that is, a society to which Marxist analysis has become irrelevant because of the economic miracle. The continued, if limited, appeal of the Japan Communist Party in any case suggests that inequality and exploitation remain live issues among certain sections of the Japanese population, while Steven shows that a powerful critique can still be made from Marxist premises.

Second, although there are very few errors in this book which are simply errors of fact — for example, Steven is mistaken in claiming that the Ohira Cabinet fell in 1980 because of the death of the prime minister, in fact it fell because of the "passage" of a no-confidence motion, and Ohira died during the course of the campaign — there are many passages where a more open mind would have been less certain of its verdict. In a sense, Steven exhibits from a different perspective some of the faults of American modernization theory of the 1960s, namely the tendency to awkward jargon (individuals are repeatedly referred to by Steven as "agents") and the forcing of untidy facts into a single overarching set of propositions about how things are supposed to be. There are occasional signs that Steven might be about to emerge from his Marxist shell; for instance, he has become convinced that "modes of production tell us little about the roots of women's oppression"; and elsewhere he is appreciative of the analytical skills of non-Marxist social scientists. It is to be hoped that this process will be hastened, since Steven is a fine analyst of

contemporary Japan, and the book in some ways transcends the ideological shackles with which it is fettered. There is a crying need for critical analyses of the way Japan works, but are neither euphoric ("Japan, at Number One"), nor nihilistic ("We Japanese cannot be understood by you because we are different"), nor yet unappreciative of the genuine successes and real contributions of Japan in the contemporary world.

Like Steven, Fukutake Tadashi, a leading Japanese sociologist who has written extensively on rural sociology, is critical of contemporary Japan, but his book is nevertheless of a different kind. It is extremely easy to read, for which thanks must go in part to Ronald Dore for his elegant and lucid translation. Professor Fukutake's criticism springs from what may be regarded as a mildly left-of-centre viewpoint, but in general facts are allowed to speak for themselves, rather than being forced into a rigid framework. It has to be admitted that he makes for less exciting writing than Steven, but his conclusions are generally easier to accept.

Fukutake analyses the family patterns of pre-war Japan, and shows how these have been eroded — though by no means completely — in the period since 1945. He catalogues the tremendous social transformations that have taken place in the course of economic development, and points to the need for new types of community in urban areas which have lost most vestiges of social solidarity. Professor Dore mildly disputes this point in his foreword to the book, arguing that there may be dangers in the liberty in new types of "community" as in the old pre-war "communities" manipulated by the government and army. Fukutake does not comment on post-war politics, suggesting that the "conservatism" of the radical party (the Japan Socialist Party) was no match for the radicalism of the conservatives. Even so, he argues that Japan is still a class society, and that the "general quality of life in Japan" as should make a great economic power "Japan, he believes, "having been a Great Power in economic terms" — a view he acquires to transform himself into a Great Power in welfare terms. Such a prescription seems naive, to Steven, whose revolutionary ideas, if implemented, might well be able to create a welfare state in the space of a few years.

I'll take the high road

Galen Strawson

TIMOTHY LEARY
Flashbacks
395pp. Heinemann. £9.95.
0434 409758

Timothy Leary, born an Irish Catholic New Englander in 1920, is today a great big bouncing baby, a self-made neoteric neoromantic who publishes articles on "exo-psychology, neurologic, sociobiology, neuro-politics, Asia theory, rejuvenilization, neuro-geography, neo-Lamarckism, personal evolution and development, biocomputer theory, experimental dying, neuro-ecology, migratory demographies, and the liberating advantages of word processors and video games". This month he attains his Grand Climacteric. Like any other juvenile, he is unutterably fascinated and delighted by himself.

Timmy Leary loves to tumble with the girls. They love silky thighs and saucy breasts, and they love to tumble with him. Sometimes they are wise and beautiful too, like Leary's present wife Barbara. Leary says that he finds this hard to describe, but that Barbara is, in his "scientific estimation . . . the sexiest, smartest, funniest woman" in Hollywood. Sex has been good to Leary, but he's not as adaptable as some, and so when he's in prison (forty jails on four continents), he just lifts off on a "cellbacy-light", and writes and writes — in between the escape plans, escapades, prison politics, handball, Danish pastries, sunbathing, tennis and yoga.

Timmy loves to pile his beakers high. He loves to list and count and classify. Socrates was a "juvencization" agent, and so is Leary. Socrates had his system, Leary has his. Consider "The Four Generations Inhabiting America", "The Eight Levels of Consciousness", "The Eight Technologies of God", "The Twenty-Four Stages of Evolution". Check yourself out on Timothy Leary's Evolution Questionnaire "E.Q.":

E.Q. Timothy Leary: 53 homes/50 years = 1.06
E.Q. Average American: 10 homes/40 years = 0.25
E.Q. Ant. Man: 01 homes/80 years = 0.01

Anyone scoring less than 0.1 (a home a decade) is well bogged down in the protozoic ooze with Aunt Mae. Even the Average American is a *Neolophoceros africanus* next to Leary the *Homo Sapiens*. Multiple Reality Man. "I had blasted beyond the gravitational pull of the past and into a post-relativistic relativistic lifestyle".

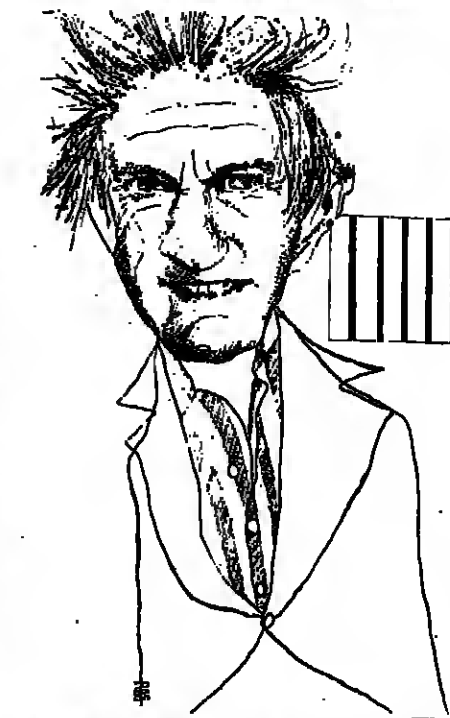
Sometimes he makes his overarching systems sound as disposable as newspaper kickers — "a week later, while editing my newest complete system of philosophy, I was ordered to report to the custody department" — but certain things recur, if you're prepared to listen out for them. I haven't kept up. I haven't read *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* (1973), *Neurology* (1973), *Starseed* (1973), *The Curse of the Oval Room* (1974), *Terra II* (1974), *What Does Woman Want?* (1976), *Communication with Higher Intelligence* (1977), *Exo-Psychology* (1977), *Neuropolitics* (1977), *Intelligence* (1979), *The Game of Life* (1979), or *Change My Mind* — Among Others (1982). (I am to report that the Bodleian Library has not kept up either — although they do have a copy of Leary's acclaimed textbook *The Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality*, 1957, the recent edition of which appeared only last year.)

But Leary is clearly fond of his Twenty Stages, first presented in 1964, and these stages give us no reason to think that he has abandoned them. Some are familiar, too: (1) walking, running (5), climbing (6). There is the electronic psychodrama of level 17; unicellular consciousness and massive enjoyment of DNA knowledge; (21) nuclear particle ability to "think" like nuclear particles (22); and Out-Of-Body link with other O-O-B entities (24).

There is no mad — after all, this sort of stuff has been routine in California, and it has come down to Leary. Leary may think that the breakdown life like a broken-

millions of his compatriots. Old Europe may shudder, but there it is. He is a charmer, selfish, Utopian-optimist, rubber-bumpered with impact-resistant naïveté and powered by a good supply of strictly short-range intellectual zip. And, when he's not white-rabbiting on about multiple realities, his story is extremely readable.

Best of all are the descriptions of his various confinements. The first was at West Point in 1940-1, where he was court-martialled after a drinking incident. Surprisingly, he was acquitted, but the West Point "Honor Committee", an "officially sanctioned clique", had already "silenced" him — no one was to communicate



with him in any way. Leary endured this for nine months, while the Honor Committee devised a new plan to get rid of him: "I would be demerited out."

At every formation cadet officers awarded around me, examining my grooming with microscopic care. I was written up for "unintentional hairs in nostrils". A shaving cut was cited as "careless injury to government property". Without notice my assignment in ranks was changed, and for lining up in the old slot I was gassed for "incorrect formation".

But Leary won out in the end. In summer camp the silencing system began to crack, as the new first-year "plebes" arrived. The Honor Committee was forced to do a deal — to make a public statement of Leary's innocence in return for his departure. He left a hero.

After "permanently damaging" his brain reading *Ulysses*, Leary went on to the University of Alabama, chose to read psychology, and did well despite changing his major to girls. Copulation with coeds was grounds for expulsion, and Leary was duly expelled in 1942, losing his draft deferment. He became an army psychologist, and in 1944 married Marianne, his first wife, who committed suicide in 1955. After the war he acquired a PhD in psychology from Berkeley, and rose to be the successful and disillusioned Director of Psychological Research at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Oakland, California, in 1959. Chance meetings then led to a post at the Harvard Center for Personality Research in January 1960, where Richard Alpert was already Assistant Professor. By now Leary was into "existential transaction", and he "got off to a fast start on the Harvard academic track".

But then — summer of 1960 — hallucinatory mushrooms in Mexico. Very interesting. Back in Harvard, Leary read William James on peacock oxide, Aldous Huxley on mesocline and LSD. The idea of controlled examination of altered states of consciousness was understandably attractive to the serious psychologist in Leary, and on the whole admirably carefully devised programme of psilocybin-based research was soon instituted. Volunteers were plentiful; academic jealousies were aroused. Huxley came. Koestler had a go, and hailed it ("pressure-cooker mysticism"). The project was carried into the churches and the prisons. It was clean-cut and respectable, despite the canonical weirdos who had begun to stop by Allan Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, William Burroughs, Neal Cassidy, Jack Kerouac.

But then Michael Hollingshead arrived, in the spring of 1962, with 10,000 doses of LSD

which he had originally obtained with the intention of studying its effects on the web-spinning of spiders. He had mixed it with sugar, and — so the story goes — licked the spoon. He had lost interest in the spiders.

Hollingshead heaped the spoon for Leary, and the medicine went down. His acid years began. A psychedelic summer camp in Mexico; an "honorable dissociation" from Harvard, where pressure was rising; plans to change the world; and a new drug research project, IFIF — The International Foundation for Internal Freedom. In 1963 a large country estate in Millbrook, New York, was loaned to Leary, Alpert, and Ralph Metzner so that they could pursue their researches in comfort. But the level of psychedelic gunk was rising fast. The Eight Technologies of God were in the air. *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* was rewritten as *The Psychedelic Experience*. There were famous people everywhere.

In the winter of 1964-5 Leary married a model called Nonette and took off to India, a country to which he reacted with extreme vulgarity. He returned with a broken marriage. The beautiful Rosemary moved into Millbrook and the research went on, acquiring multicoloured inverted commas in the process. Disappointingly, *Flashbacks* contains little description of the nature of life on LSD, no serious attempt to give either a theoretical or a phenomenological account of what "multiple realities" might be, or might be like. Nor is any real sense of the great beauty of certain hallucinatory states conveyed.

In 1965 Leary was caught with a minute quantity of marijuana on the Mexico border. Later he was caught again, with two "roaches" — cardboard filters from marijuana cigarettes. He spent quite a lot of the next ten years appealing, on bail, on trial, in prison, or on the run. During this time the American legal system, in all its manifestations, apparently behaved quite disgracefully. But prison didn't begin in earnest until 1970, and in between times Leary was able to ingest a great deal more LSD, cheerlead the *Summer of Love*, about which he has very little to say, fraternize with the hip aristocracy, and encourage everyone to turn, tune and drop on; in and out respectively.

In 1970 he finally got ten years for the two cardboard "roaches" — an idiotic sentence. But by September he had been sprung from prison by the left-wing militant Weathermen. Headline news. He was on the run for two years and four months — out through Canada as a bald businessman, on to Paris, Algeria with the Black Panthers, Switzerland, Austria and Afghanistan. Recaptured in January 1973,

he was retried for escaping from prison, sentenced to up to twenty-five years and despatched to the deepest, darkest dungeon of the meanest, nastiest, ugliest prison of them all — 4-A in Folsom Prison. Charles Manson was down there too, mainly for his own protection, smiling sweetly and reading the Bible in the lotus position. But Leary soon rose up again from that dark place, and entered mainstream "slammer" society on the "main line", where he was a great success, and threw mightily.

He continued to intrigue the FBI, though, who then spent two years shunting him round the prison system trying to pump him on the Weathermen and related issues. By the summer of 1976 the FBI were friendly enough with Leary to let him go, although he claims he told them almost nothing. The legal status of his release is not made clear, but the whole episode clearly left Leary feeling quite affectionate and protective towards the police. They treated him like he was someone really important.

Flashbacks ends with an embarrassing epilogue. Leary tells us about his new wife and about what all his old friends are doing now. The vigour of his accounts of prison life, from West Point to the Metropolitan Correction Center in San Diego, is suddenly and sadly dissipated. He has written six books and over fifty articles since he's been out, but somehow, it isn't the same. Still, he's researching into Life Extension — "Few subjects are of greater personal interest to me at this moment than this" — and Space Migration, and he has certainly achieved one thing — Rejuvenilization.

And although Timothy Leary isn't in charge, the future is really bright: if I were in charge of evolutionary matters on this planet, I would, at this precise moment, flood the place with advanced humans wired to take over peacefully and initiate the necessary changes.

And behold! This is exactly what DNA seems to have done. Just when the situation looked hopeless, here came 76 million post-War Americans — 40 million more than we expected — fresh, confident, promising to revolutionize.

UFO Reality: a critical look at the evidence, by Jenny Randles, was published earlier this month (248pp. Robert Hale, £9.95. 0 7090 1080 X). Jenny Randles is investigations director for the British UFO Research Organization (BUFORA), coordinator of investigations for the Association for the Scientific Study of Anomalous Phenomena (ASSAP), and author of two previous books on UFOs. This book, will undoubtedly be required reading for the House of Lords All Party Study Group on UFOs.

Allen & Unwin
are proud to announce a major contribution to twentieth century scholarship

The Collected Papers of Bertrand Russell

in 28 beautifully-bound volumes

Bertrand Russell (1872-1970) is the twentieth century's most important liberal thinker and probably its greatest philosopher. It is essential for the balanced intellectual assessment of twentieth century thought that his papers, both published and unpublished, should be brought together in a definitive collected edition. On the basis of the company's long-standing connection with Russell and its International reputation Allen & Unwin are to publish all 28 volumes. The anticipated completion date for this mammoth project is the year 2000.



Advisory Editorial Board:
Sir Alfred Ayer, Ursula Franklin, Philip Gaskell, Yvon Gauthier,
Ivor Grattan-Guinness, Jack Gunn, H. C. G. Hewitt, John Passmore, D. F. Pears,
John M. Robson, Katharine Tait, John Yolton.

Volume I: Cambridge Essays 1888-1899
Edited by Kenneth Blackwell
This volume covers Russell's first ten years as an author. It includes personal journals, printed here in full for the first time, and the recently discovered "Locked Diary" Nov 24 1983 Hb£48.00 59ppp + 10 plates 0 04 920067 4

Forthcoming:
Vol 7: Theory of Knowledge
The 1913 Manuscript Edited by Elizabeth Ramsden Enma in collaboration with Kenneth Blackwell. May 1984 Hb£25.00 258pp + 5 plates

Entrepreneurial powers

I. de Madariaga

MARC RAEFF

The Well-Ordered Police State: Social and Institutional Change through Law in the Germanies and Russia, 1600-1800 284pp. Yale University Press. £19. 0300 02869 5

In these three thought-provoking essays Marc Raef has attempted to interpret the particular form of state organization which characterized much of Eastern Europe and Germany in the period 1600-1800, and which frequently goes by the name of the *Polizeistaat*. His subject is "the rate and thoroughness of a society's success in internalizing the values of the modern, production-oriented dynamic political culture", the factor which, he argues, enabled the changeover from a traditional type of society to a modern one to be made gradually and non-violently.

The three essays are of unequal length and substance. In the first and shortest Raef gives a lucid and cogent analysis of the changes which took place in the European mental climate and which paved the way for subsequent political action. Starting from the assumption that it is Europe which has, since the sixteenth century, marked out the path which other peoples and nations have followed to achieve the target of modernization, Raef argues that historians must turn their attention to the moment when the take-off for the transition from a traditional to a modern society can be pinpointed in the history of a given European country. This is the moment when, according to him, some of the European political élites inaugurated the process of breaking with tradition and applying the entrepreneurial spirit to the organization of collective life. They succeeded in persuading the political authorities (including the territorial rulers where they themselves did not lead the process) and their subjects to accept a new order of society, and sometimes the remnants of the corporate institutions, to embark on a conscious disciplining of society and a remodelling of its social and economic institutions.

The concept of the *Polizeistaat*, the *État bien policé*, of the political theorists of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has aroused renewed interest in recent years. Its basic tenets - the application by the state of rational methods to maximize its wealth and hence military potential - serve as a useful

counterweight to the Marxist presentation of the state as the instrument of the ruling class. In the second and longest essay in this volume, Raef traces the development of the idea of the *Polizeistaat* in Germany through the various *Polizeiordnungen* and *Landesordnungen* issued in many of the minor principalities and some of the major ones, and in the theoretical literature of "cmmeralism".

The function of politics, as reflected in these documents, ceased, according to Raef, to be merely negative (the preservation of order and the raising of revenue) and was directed to the positive shaping of the future society. Using Gerschenkron's formula of a "high time horizon", Raef argues that eighteenth-century German rulers or ruling groups acted quite consciously to alter the customs, ideas and behaviour of the common people, by means of a "routinization" of activities designed to induce them to cooperate in creating this new future. It was with this purpose in mind that codes and regulations, laying down new and regular patterns of behaviour from cradle to grave, were drafted and imposed. The new administrations were "rational, purposeful, voluntaristic", and they possessed an inherent dynamism, never more so than when, in the eighteenth century, the practices of the *Polizeistaat* were imbued with the belief in perpetual progress and couched in the rhetoric of the Enlightenment. Herein lay the intrinsic contradiction at the heart of the whole system, and the cause of its ultimate downfall, when the energies it had unleashed broke from the control of the state which had set them in motion.

Raef has examined hundreds of separate German ordinances, noting that the first requirement, particularly in Protestant states, was the proper ordering of church attendance, and the inculcation of habits of steadfastness and obedience after the turmoil of the Thirty Years' War, and the disappearance of the old Catholic ordering of society. The new policies also involved the re-organization of the social institutions, in which the implementation of decrees could be entrusted, as well as the formation, by education, of a new class of officials and professional people, imbued with a common ethic. All this was worked out against a background of regulated economic activity, increasing prosperity in some cases, and improvement in the material conditions of life (health, hygiene, fire precautions, lighting and paving of streets, food and water supply, insurance, etc.).

Cogently as Raef's argument is expounded,

the reader remains in some doubt about the process he describes. To what extent were productive forces really mobilized in Germany? Were these forces really production-oriented? If one examines the ordinances alone, then Germany, from say 1600 to 1750, should have been a thriving, intellectually stimulating, economically hustling community of states. Instead it was a congeries of somnolent and lethargic principalities, in which the main interest of the princes was the building of palaces and the maintenance of armed forces, frequently paid for by foreign subsidies. The *Polizeistaat* was also on the whole a phenomenon which originated in Protestant Germany, just as the officials who implemented its norms in both Protestant and later in Catholic states emerged mainly from the Protestant universities of Göttingen and Halle. Raef in fact deals with intentions, rather than results; his is a retrospective analysis, ordering policy decisions into a luminous and intelligent whole, rather than a reflection of the haphazard, hand-to-mouth experimenting of which most government consists.

When Raef does turn to the application in practice of the concepts of the *Polizeistaat*, he chooses Russia. The third essay in the volume deals with the efforts of Peter I, and later Catherine II, to translate cameralist principles to the Russian empire. There were, as Raef rightly points out, many obstacles in the way. There were no corporate bodies (*Stände*, city corporations, guilds, universities) to which some of the administrative tasks could be delegated. There was an almost total absence of educated manpower, trained, as in Germany, either by the universities or by the church, in law and the management skills necessary for the implementation of the new legislation. It was this lack of support from an efficient bureaucracy, and the probability of opposition to his policies from all classes of society, which gave to Peter's reforms their feverishness and their brutality. But there are two, somewhat different aspects of the translation of the *Polizeistaat* to Russia which Raef does not deal with. The first is the sheer size of the country. Whatever the cultural level, the regulating process was bound to be far more difficult, and to require far more trained manpower in such a huge state, if only to man the requisite channels along which orders were communicated from the centre to the periphery.

The second aspect of the *Polizeistaat* which Raef passes over in silence, both regards

Germany, and as regards Russia, is its military significance (the entry "armed forces" does not figure in the index). Yet surely the evolution of the policies which placed a standing army under the exclusive control of the ruler and enabled him to raise the necessary revenue independently of the *Stände*, policies which go as far back as the Great Elector of Brandenburg, was one of the key factors in the productive and administrative mobilization which goes under the name of the *Polizeistaat*. It was certainly the military aspect which attracted Peter I's attention in the first place. And if any institution served to "socialize" or indoctrinate Russians of all classes with the "ethos" of the regulated state it was the professionalized military corps, with its own code, its own laws, and its own schools. Peter used his guards officers in a manner reminiscent of the Mongol Khans, either to fly to the furthest ends of the empire to execute his orders, or to sit in the Senate and see to it that the senators did not waste time browsing or indulging in irrelevant debate. Not that the armed forces were important in Germany. On the contrary, administrative reform was largely motivated by increased military needs. But the armed forces played an essential role in moulding the new Russian society, whereas in Germany they shared this role with other, civilian groups.

As an exercise in comparative history this is a most stimulating book which will provoke argument and further research. It is stronger on theoretical exposition than on the analysis of the practical application of the concept of the *Polizeistaat*. Moreover, cameralism as a means of orienting society towards production seems to have evolved only in certain specific parts of Europe. The mental climate and the practices of the *Polizeistaat* are weakest precisely in those countries which had advanced furthest in the internalization of production values, namely England, the United Provinces and France. And the personalized, authoritarian state is too intelligent, too purposeful, too omniscient in Raef's analysis to be altogether convincing, however important it may be to restore to it some of the independence which some Marxist theorists deny to it. Seen in a wider and longer perspective, however, and as an exercise in the history of ideas, Raef shows a most acute and imaginative understanding of underlying trends, notably "the contradiction inherent in the endeavour to foster and give full scope to the creative energies of individual members of society by means of the state's direction and control".

Scenes of corruption

Colin Smethurst

BRIAN NELSON

Zola and the Bourgeoisie: A study of themes and techniques in 'Les Rougon-Macquart' 230pp. Macmillan. £20. 0333 31988 5

PHILIPPE RAMON

Le Personnel du roman: Le système des personnages dans 'Les Rougon-Macquart' d'Émile Zola 325pp. Geneva: Droz. Swfr 40.

Reading these two books in quick succession, one is tempted to believe that national stereotypes really exist: the English book is a plump pudding with lots of good things in it, the French one a wondrous product of the systematic spirit; the one pragmatic and fairly traditional, the other constantly preoccupied with theory.

Brian Nelson's study is articulated round what he sees as the salient features of Zola's bourgeois world: waste and parasitism, bourgeois sexuality, the problem of leadership and Utopian vision. These themes, together with some analysis of the way Zola's style accommodates or expresses them, are then examined in relation to *La Curée*, *Une Page d'Amour*, *Le Docteur Mystère* and *Le Ventre de Paris*. The discussion of these four novels constitutes the bulk of the volume.

Because of the dominance of *L'Assommoir* and *Germinal* in the Zola canon, the novelist is commonly associated with the depiction of the working classes and their environment, whereas in fact about three-quarters of his series of twenty *Rougon-Macquart* novels is concerned with the portrait of the middle classes or else non-working-class subjects. As Nelson says, the Dreyfus affair, *L'Assommoir* and *Germinal* "have tended to promote a simplified view of Zola as advocate of the oppressed... rather than an advocate of responsible bourgeois leadership". Nelson demonstrates quite clearly that Zola, in spite of his scathing attacks on the hollow sham, the viciousness, the greed and

decadence of the bourgeoisie, nevertheless works his way steadily towards a vision of society transformed by enlightened, technocratic, bourgeois paternalism. This vision is explicit in the last, highly didactic novels like *Fécondité*, and particularly in *Travail*, where a bourgeois Messiah creates a sentimental Utopia in which all problems have been dissolved, and all classes live in harmony and gravitate round the patriarch who, outdoing Moses, has not only led them to the Promised Land but continues to dwell among them to enjoy the fruits of his mission. Even in the early novels this strand is present, though mercifully not dominant.

La Curée, the first novel discussed in detail by Nelson, while forceful in its condemnation of bourgeois corruption, contains within it a dream of bourgeois virtue and decency, an implicit appeal to the bourgeoisie to return to the true way. This essentially nostalgic vision is progressively displaced or covered over by the vision of scientific advance ushering in the new and happier future for society. For example, in *La Débâcle*, the penultimate novel in Zola's series, even the Prussian military machine in its victory over the French army is portrayed as admirable because it is scientific, the agent of divine retribution sent to punish French society for its excesses and its corruption.

Nelson's study is particularly commendable for its extended essays on his four selected novels, in which the remarks on Zola's treatment of theme and technique often go beyond the confines of the particular novel under discussion. That said, one comes to the awkward question of the relationship between theory and practice in criticism. There is a regular undertow of remarks in Nelson's book which say or imply that Zola is a poor and crude novelist. Themes are said to be treated in a "habitantly insistent way", "stylistic weaknesses" are pointed out, *L'Argent* is "artistically unremarkable and rather ponderous". All this may be true, but the statements are not related to any concept of what might be a "proper" way for Zola to deal with themes and what might be an artistically acceptable style. Instead of relating the Zola text to explicit

criteria or simply treating it as text, it is related to implicit, normative notions of artistically acceptable practice.

Similarly, in the space of two pages Nelson manages to raise and solve (or dismiss) the problem of definition of the terms bourgeois and bourgeoisie with a quick nod in the direction of E. J. Hobsbawm and Max Weber. Admittedly the problem is a boring one, but it does exist. Moreover, when "bourgeois" values or "bourgeois" behaviour are found in "working-class" characters (for example, the study of the unconscious and the oneiric in *Une Page d'Amour*, classified as "bourgeois" by Nelson, can be paralleled by similar studies and even similar terminology in Zola's "working-class" novels), then the problem becomes acute. If bourgeois values are not class-specific, then what is the function of the term "bourgeois"?

Insufficient theorization is not the problem facing the reader of Hamon's study of the functional and fictional role of character in the *Rougon-Macquart*. The assumptions at each stage in the argument are all examined and made explicit. The French is, also, extremely congested, the sentences often struggling on for half a page or more, in the attempt to convey at one and the same time an argument, illustrations of that argument, qualifications and illustrations of the qualifications, plus the occasional illuminating aside. It is, however, worth persevering with, because it is addressing a central problem in the study of narrative fiction, that of the concept of "character" or the "character-effect" in a novel and the extent to which it is shaped by external and internal formal constraints. As the subtitle indicates, the study adopts a systematic, paradigmatic approach and is less concerned with the development of character through an evolving plot. On the other hand, Hamon does not propose a purely formalist study, seeking instead to integrate with the "internal" study of text certain "external" conditioning factors like the realist/naturalist project and Zola's working method, which organizes material in plans, series, groups, all of which Hamon calls

the *cahier des charges* of Zola's characters.

In expounding the "internal" system Hamon begins with a study of the associative values of proper names. This produces interesting insights, for example when the commonly pejorative and popular note in the French suffix *-ard* is shown to provide background conditioning when we read the name Macquart. Often, however, such associations seem arbitrary. The element "MAK" in the name Macquart is held to refer us to *macabre*, blotch or bloodstain, and *mâcher*, chewing and hence appetite, struggle for existence. The name Macquart is thus seen as emblematic of the destiny of this side of the family in Zola's series. One feels like asking why "MAK" should not refer us to *macabre*, or *macadam* or *macaroni*? When such associations are further reduced to the level of phonetic *actants* (A, occlusives, and R connoting negativity) we are in the area where critical analysis competes with palmarium.

Much more convincing is the exploration of the idea of "territorialization" of characters, whereby environment in the broadest sense not merely surrounds characters but actually constitutes them, and provides a fundamental impulse for plot, characters' actions and the dominant metaphors of the text. This view goes well beyond the traditional one of characters in Zola being determined by environment. The volume is completed by an excellent use of modal analysis (the role of *volonté*, *pouvoir*, *savoir*) to demonstrate the functioning of character, and showing, in Zola's case, the clear predominance of the *libido sciendi*.

This book is likely to become a fixed point of reference for narratologists' discussion of character, while Nelson's is, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, a readable one which will help the student to take an interest in some less commonly read Zola novels. Like Nelson, even Hamon lets slip on two occasions that Zola's descriptions are over-repetitive or his justifications of them a little too obvious. One wonders whether, behind the different approaches of the two critics, there is still today a nagging feeling that Zola is not quite in the first rank of creative novelists.

Countering the king

Roger Mettam

DAVID PARKER

The Making of French Absolutism 160pp. Edward Arnold. £10.95 (paperback £5.95). 07131 6382 8

David Parker's new book is a masterly blend of conclusion, synthesis and scholarship. Incorporating the fruits of much detailed research by recent scholars, his clear and convincing account is full of penetrating insights into numerous aspects of French history. His text will be as accessible to the student and the general reader as it will be stimulating to the academic historian, and it will surely become required reading for anyone with an interest in early modern France.

French theories of monarchical power, like the daily reality of government within the kingdom, were based on an irreconcilable dualism. This king was to be absolute and yet his power was undoubtedly limited by the host of privileges and rights which were passionately cherished by various social groups and institutions. Even when the crown tried to extend its sphere of influence, its newly created officials soon established the same duality, alternately obeying the king and defending provincial liberties against further centralization. This is best demonstrated by the *parlements*, who often used their authority, given to them by the king, to reject edicts which the monarch himself had

issued. Yet despite their differences, the king needed these courts to register and therefore give greater status to royal ordinances as much as the judges needed their sovereign, on whom their own judicial powers ultimately depended.

Wisely but untypically, Dr Parker begins his story in the later Middle Ages, in order to discover how far the "seventeenth-century monarchy had travelled along the road to the 'modern state'". Rejecting the old clichés about the omnipotence of Louis XIV, he shows that Versailles, and the cult of the Sun King, were not the propaganda of a strong ruler, but devices to disguise the weaknesses of his government. Louis still had to take account of powerful social élites and institutions which might support or oppose him, and he therefore tried to avoid provoking them. The recent Frondes had revealed the dangers of alienating all these potential opponents at one and the same time. Accordingly, Louis and Colbert were not great innovators. They confined themselves to making the traditional system work more efficiently, and even here they were not uniformly successful.

A major problem for the Bourbons was the lack of an effective national representative institution, in which the royal ministers could explain their policies and difficulties to the nation. In consequence the provinces were unsympathetic towards central government demands for higher taxes, seeing them only as unjustified attempts to undermine their long-

established privileges. When the crown tried to compel because it could not persuade, the localities resisted even more aggressively, although Parker also shows how varied were the provinces of France - not only in their customs, laws and attitudes but in their reactions to royal initiatives. Faced with such persistent obstructionism, the king had to use other, more subtle means to advance his cause. He therefore relied heavily on his personal network of patronage, enlisting the help of powerful governors, nobles and bishops, whom he rewarded with titles, favours and pensions. These prestigious clients had their own dependants in the localities, as unfortunately did those great nobles who regularly challenged the power of the royal ministers. Thus there existed a whole series of rival clientage systems, informal and personal, whose members worked hard to influence or infiltrate themselves into the formal social and bureaucratic hierarchies.

Acknowledging that most royal ministers shared a permanent desire to move towards absolutism, Parker points out that many of their steps in that direction were taken at moments of international or internal crisis, were therefore ill-thought-out and added further fuel to the jurisdictional disputes which were a perpetual subject of contention among the local élites. Thus absolutism was always in the making, but "never made", although many royalist pamphleteers loudly claimed that it had become a reality. Not that all royalists were absolutists; for many of those who sincerely supported the power of the crown were

bitterly opposed to the centralizing policies of the royal ministers.

Many topics receive illuminating treatment in this short book - theories of monarchy and of resistance; the practice and growth of government and administration; the pros and cons of the sale of offices; the chaos of the royal finances and the increasingly heavy reliance on the financiers; the state of the economy and the financial and practical reasons for greater government interference in its workings; religious differences and the attempts at reconciling them; the anatomy of rebellions, especially the Wars of Religion and the Frondes with their strange alliances of groups which in other circumstances might be fierce foes of one another; the growth of the army, the rising costs of war and the consequential expansion of the *intendants*; and the social attitudes and priorities of the various groups in society.

Parker thus describes a France in which much remained the same over the centuries, but in which there were also dramatic changes and important shifts of emphasis. This mixture of "continuity and change" is well served by worked historical clichés, is strikingly illustrated by his technique of first presenting the evidence which suggests a considerable increase in royal power, and then exposing the countervailing factors which effectively undermined these apparent advances. He has provided the long-sought cure, in a long which can be administered safely to all, for those who suffer from delusions about French absolutism in the seventeenth century.

Experiences of defeat

Michael Tilby

FREDERICK J. HARRIS

Encounters with Darkness: French and German Writers on World War II 304pp. Oxford University Press. £20. 019 503246 2

When war broke out in September 1939, Simone de Beauvoir began reading Glide's diary for 1914. Recalling this fact, Frederick J. Harris, in what is essentially a French-orientated survey, tentatively "Perhaps she expected it to give her some bearings." Perhaps it did. She certainly felt that 1914 offered "beaucoup d'analogie avec le moment présent". Glide's own initial response to the new hostilities was to try and escape what he called the "obsession of war" by memorizing long passages of Racine, though the following summer he seemed to have made a similar attempt to find his bearings by reading Zola's novel of the Franco-Prussian war, *La Débâcle*. Others too came to feel that the war was a familiar experience. Richard Cobb has recently emphasized that in the department of the Nord, at least, it would have seemed to occupy and occupied alike that history was repeating itself in a number of tangible ways. And when the novelist Robert Merle describes the bodies strewn over the beach at Dunkirk, it is almost as if he were talking over where Barbussia had left off some twenty-five years earlier. Yet, ultimately, the literature of previous wars was of little help to French writers faced with the much more diverse experiences of the Second World War.

The rapid fall of France obviously meant that, in particular, organized military conflict could be only a small part in the new writing. *Encounters with Darkness* is a modest introduction to a wide range of texts in which the Second World War is the writer's principal and explicit concern. Harris is mostly content merely to hand down the situations and reactions described by his authors. Many of the descriptions recalled are familiar both from the literary texts themselves and from the cinema and other photographic records: the undignified but no less tragic *exode* (Sarah and child abandoned and cheated by their taxi-driver, in Sartre's *La Mort dans l'âme*), the Nazi flag flying over the Hôtel Crillon, the interzone cards, *la grande rafle du Vel d'Hiv* (Losey's *Mr. Klein*), to name but a few. Historians had already realized the value not just of the shapely observations contained in Guéhenno's diary but also of Jean Dutourd's novel *Au bonheur* and Jean-Louis Curtis's *Les Forts de la nuit*.

None the less, the works chosen present a valuable selection of authentic experiences and attitudes embodied in characters who are often only superficially fictional. As for Harris's method, it works well enough as long as his straightforward descriptions of content require little by way of commentary. Such is the case with the compositions that seek to chronicle aspects of daily life or those which feature behaviour that is self-contained and universally comprehensible (for example, the reactions of French soldiers to defeat). But when the author comes to more complex questions, the double weakness of having the picture almost entirely on literary texts and of allowing these texts essentially to speak for themselves is glaringly apparent.

By restricting himself to explicit representations of the experience of Occupation, Harris fails to engage with many of its most vital aspects, which by their very nature rarely became material for novels. In the absence of any discussion of this widening gap between history and literature, his exercise loses much of its point. In order to provide a more adequate picture, it would have been necessary to look beyond the examples provided by literary characters to the lives and opinions of the writers themselves, whose direct involvement in the war and its consequences was often a compli-

cated affair, and to some of the oblique ways in which their reactions were expressed. Given Harris's approach, his treatment of collaboration is necessarily perfunctory, squeezed out by a blow-by-blow account of events recorded in Céline's trilogy. No attempt is made to consider Brasillach, Drieu or Rebatet, or the *épurés*. Perhaps the most regrettable omission is that of any reference to the remarkable explosion of poetry written in response to the war and in particular the art of deceiving the authorities with seemingly innocent *contrebande* poems.

On the "literary means" by which his writers depicted the war (very much the author's secondary concern), Harris has little to say beyond some rather obvious comments about the style of the more innovative writers, some self-conscious identification of metaphor, and some heavy-handed allusions to Bachelard and water imagery.

The subtitle notwithstanding, this is essentially a book about France and the French. Where the German texts (they are by and large familiar ones) are directly concerned with the war in France, as for example is the case with Werfel's play *Jacobowsky und der Oberst*, the book's unity is not seriously threatened. But the decision to devote two chapters to German attitudes to the Nazi Reich and its camps is misguided.

Harris's largely passive reproduction of his sources contributes little to our understanding of a period which in recent years has been explored much more probingly by literary-minded historians.

Winner of the Collins Religious Book Award

1983
FAITH
and the
MYSTERY
of
GOD

MAURICE WILES

Published by SCM Press £4.50 net

At the behest of the bosses

Colin Crouch

GEORGE SAYERS BAIN (Editor)
Industrial Relations in Britain
516pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £27.50 (paperback, £9.95).
0631 131388
ROBERT TAYLOR
Workers and the New Depression
212pp. Macmillan. £20 (paperback, £7.95).
0333 129258
K. PRANDY, A. STEWART and R. M. BLACKBURN
White-Collar Work
219pp. Macmillan. £17.50 (paperback, £7.95).
0333 243315
HILARY WAINWRIGHT and DAVE ELLIOTT
The Lucas Plan: A new trade unionism in the making?
280pp. Allison and Busby. £7.95 (paperback, £2.95).
085031 4291
GEOFFREY KAY and JAMES MOTT
Political Order and the Law of Labour
173pp. Macmillan. £17.50 (paperback, £6.95).
0333 271521

Among the complex relations between capital and labour, one sometimes escapes attention: capital has the power to shape and define its working class. At certain periods this has not meant much; employers have taken production methods and types of labour for granted and have either had little choice or shown little skill in changing them. But at other times the power has existed and has been used; we are probably now in the early stages of such a period.

The development of new technologies, the changing international division of labour, the redeployments accompanying the recession all make the present a time of extensive change in the organization of work. This gives management an unprecedented discretion to determine the size and skill levels of their work forces and the style of work relations within their companies. As they choose, they can approach this task armed with the very considerable knowledge accumulated by personnel management of the implications of such changes for workers' behaviour. At the same time, the group of employees being most devastated by the changes – manual workers in traditional production industries – include those with the most clearly developed sense of their identity. Those groups in the ascendancy, in both the mental and the non-manual service sectors, are (with the exception of the professions) those with the least clearly established identities.

It would be an exaggeration to say that employers are now acquiring the ability to design the working class of their choice, but that is the general tenor of what is happening in several sectors. The implications are anomalous. "Deindustrialization" can become a deliberate management strategy – it is already well advanced in the US and beginning here. If a firm can keep some kind of control over the numbers and categories employed at individual plants, and establish sound human relations, there is little reason why a union should gain a foothold in a company unless the general political climate is favourable to unions. But if working life ceases to create the identities, oppositions and organizations that have made possible a distinct political presence for labour, and if the manual working class falls to considerably below 30 per cent of the population, what are the prospects for a political climate favourable to unions?

To study all this requires a considerable departure from traditional approaches of British industrial relations and industrial sociology, which have shown very little interest in management as an active force in industrial relations. Instead, they have paid overwhelming attention to the development of workers' shop-floor organizations (the great theme of the 1960s and 70s) and have been preoccupied with ostensibly stable patterns of employment among manual workers in manufacturing industry. How well are scholars likely to respond to the changed world? On the evidence of some of the books here under review, the answer must be "very well indeed".

One must begin with George Bain's collec-

tive volume, *Industrial Relations in Britain*, which is in itself a worthy monument to both the past achievements and future promise of such research and of the Werwick Industrial Relations Research Unit in particular. Its seventeen chapters contain a wealth of interesting argument and valuable data; of course there remain major gaps in knowledge, but it is doubtful whether in any other European country a similar compendium of research findings on the industrial relations system could have been put together. In particular it is welcome to see more contributions from economists than is usually the case in industrial relations literature. The decline of unions, changes in occupational structure, the segmentation of the labour markets are well covered. At least two chapters – those by Michael Terry and by John Purcell and Keith Sisson – deal with the new scope for managerial discretion, and Richard Hyman describes the hopelessly exposed position, given these impending changes, into which the union left pushed itself during the 1970s.

In *Workers and the New Depression* Robert Taylor pursues more specifically the theme of the grim future facing manual workers. Where Boin and his colleagues, while always thoroughly readable, write in an appropriately scientific and disengaged academic style, Taylor is concerned to communicate to a wide audience some facts and arguments already well known to academics. He does this with all the clarity one expects from the labour editor of the *Observer*, but he also does it with a finely controlled sense of commitment. He cares about manual workers, feels deeply about unemployment and its deliberate political use, is appalled at the official neglect of training which is preventing British workers from becoming a skilled work-force for the new technology, and bewails their unwitting complicity in their own decline through their insistence on inefficient working practices (something for which he holds workers, rather than unions, to blame). One might describe his book as a requiem for the political strength of manual labour: that class, which, while able to make only very limited improvements in its relative position during its period of numerical predominance, must now face becoming a marginal minority.

The new emerging Social Democrat/Liberal Alliance looks an unlikely vehicle to concern itself with the interests of manual workers and their families, while equally the Labour party continues to abandon any commitment to an ethical socialism. It is not too much of an exaggeration to suggest that manual workers face the prospect of virtual disenfranchisement from the political system. Manual workers look like becoming an embattled, insecure minority of the labour force by the late eighties.

Although it is not specifically concerned with the question of the future, one might expect the latest product of the Cambridge "stratification research" team, *White-Collar Work*, to provide some clues on the general social perspectives of the groups who are replacing manual labour. In their other works these researchers, both together and individually, have given us major new insights; but I found this volume less interesting, perhaps because publication of its findings is split between this and another volume, *White-Collar Unions*. The authors are non-manual workers as presented by their employers with a range of rewards. White-collar workers' attitudes towards their employers and to the possibility of collective action, depend on these rewards (in particular, promotion), which continue to distinguish them from manual workers, and management's ability to manipulate the latter appears as an important form of employer power. But this general argument needs to be broken down into its components: to what extent are there systematic variations in the experience of different kinds of white-collar workers, or workers in different economic sectors?

One possible future strategy for white-collar workers which is likely in practice to be adopted by very few of them is discussed in Hilary Wainwright and Dave Elliott's account of the now well-known alternative corporate plan devised in the 1970s by the shop stewards' combine at Lucas Aerospace. Faced with the decline of their company and their dissatisfaction at producing primarily for the then hap-

pendent armaments industry, technical and manual stewards at Lucas's several plants put together an imaginative and enterprising scheme for turning the company's plant and skilled work-force over to "socially useful" production – mainly for health equipment, district heating schemes and public transport. The authors trace the story of the rise of the movement, the tensions and divisions among the workers and the subsequent combinations of indifference and hostility from the company, government, union officials and (if that were not enough) a section of the Communist Party that eventually ensured the demise of most (though not all) of the plan. Although technologists and manual workers collaborated in the plan, it was the former who made the running; is this, as the authors ask in their subtitle, a new form of trade-unionism in the making?

The authors seem surprised and annoyed at the failures of various groups to support the plan, yet by the time they have made clear what they regard as the prerequisites for its success one begins to wonder why, since these requirements include a transcendence of the capitalist-imposed division of labour, a radically different set of trade-union practices from those embodied in current collective bargaining, a system for widespread worker participation in planning, a shift of the economy away from determination by market forces, and the elec-

Into the dreaded database

L. D. Burnard

DAVID BURNHAM
The Rise of the Computer State: A Chilling Account of the Computer's Threat to Society
273pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.95.
0297 783025

Every time an American policeman makes an arrest, the luckless offender's details are immortalized in the FBI's distributed database. Every time an American citizen makes a telephone call, uses a credit-card or even (soon) transfers money from one bank account to another, a new record is added to some other database. Every time he or she becomes embroiled with a government agency, be it the Internal Revenue Service, the Social Security Administration, the Department of Labor or whoever, a database somewhere records the fact. Should this upset us?

Bureaucracies have always collected data obsessively, and no doubt always will. But the coming of the computer has changed both the scope of the data collected and the ease with which they may be processed almost beyond recognition. In Dickens's *Circumlocution Office* the grand principle was "How not to do it"; now that magnetic tape and disc replace red tape and paper, satirists begin to fear that it may in fact be done all too easily. The computer, sold to us as a liberator from toil, may become the instrument of oppression, giving the prying administrators and officious busybodies of the Welfare State rather more access to our private affairs than we anticipated.

But this threat needs either more careful analysis or more effective presentation than David Burnham gives it here if it is to be perceived as a real threat and not just as the product of a liberal paranoia. Even so, the book is a gold-mine of anecdotal information, guaranteed to break the ice at Civil Rights gatherings. A company called TRW, for example, now offers a service to thousands of American credit companies whereby, in return for contributing records of their own customers' transactions, clients can check those of all TRW's other clients. This seems a neat way of ensuring that a bad debt incurred in Illinois can't disappear when its perpetrator moves to Arkansas; but it is less impressive if the Illinois records are inaccurate or not up to date. According to Burnham, TRW receive annually over 350,000 complaints about the accuracy of the information they supply; only a third of these complaints ever lead to a change in the database, largely because of the expense of validating the huge amounts of data involved. Even the original records administered by the FBI have a slipshod margin of error, for similar reasons: so inaccurate are they in fact that

ion of a radical socialist government. Surely the Lucas plan will be remembered as an "impossible dream", challenging the unimaginativeness of our existing society, rather than as a prototype for a subsequent larger-scale development.

Geoffrey Kay and James Mott's *Political Order and the Law of Labour* looks backwards rather than forwards, but is again relevant to the theme of what forces shape and define the working class. The authors' thesis is that virtually all the central institutions of the modern state can be explained in terms of the need to create "a population that trades in labour power". A population has to be produced which is required to work, and which is then administered and regulated in various ways; none of this would occur if it were not needed for capitalist employment. Like all good single-argument theories of complex historical developments, the thesis contains some valuable insights within its overall inadequacy. For example, we learn that the whole system of modern statistics began with the need to enumerate the workforce. But if the rise of the state is so closely linked to that of the labour market, why was the development of the state weakest in the two earliest capitalist economies – those of Britain and the US? And there must be something wrong with an account of the rise of the state which has nothing to say about war.

apparently the police no longer use them – instead the dubious data are sold to prospective employers checking up on candidates for interview.

Burnham, an investigative journalist who won his spurs uncovering police corruption for the *New York Times*, is quick to stress the possibilities such databases offer for misuse. He is particularly concerned about the surveillance activities of America's National Security Agency, and with good cause now that executive orders from President Reagan have apparently extended the purview of this institution to include the whole American people. Ever since the Enigma machine, computers and military intelligence have existed in an uneasy symbiosis, the development of the one determined by and dependent upon the needs and capabilities of the other. The NSA apparently uses computers on a grander scale than any other single institution on earth. On the indication of the range of its operations is the quantity of waste paper it produces. According to Burnham, anyone hoping to sell the NSA a suitably secure shredder ten years ago had to be able to cope with over thirty-six tons of classified waste every working day.

Aside from anecdote, the book attempts to discuss something called "Values". It may or may not be the case that the widespread use of systems analysis is detrimental to proper health care; it certainly is the case that there is a parallel between a society's culture (its way of looking at itself) and its technology (its way of looking at what is not itself); though this is not quite what Burnham has in mind when he bewails the narrowing of possibilities, the heartlessness of machines and what he considers the indecency of modelling human activity on mechanistic terms. There is nothing here about the benefits that accrue from the availability of information to a benevolent and skilled administration; perhaps, after Watergate, Americans no longer believe in benevolent administrations. There is nothing here (apart from a token gesture to the importance of epidemiology) in identifying the causes of cancer about the uses of computer databases in research. There is nothing on computer fraud, which probably poses a far greater threat to society than any amount of NSA cloak-and-dagger stuff. Equally, the book underplays the extent to which the computer is becoming demythologized.

Burnham is at his best when sticking to the facts, and when, for example, he is charting the tangled path by which this or that piece of legislation has succeeded or failed on Capitol Hill, his prose has a grim fascination all its own. We may not like it, but it rings true as a way that his imaginative passages (merely confined to one acutely embarrassing episode called "A Future") do not.

Ruminations, fabulations

John Clute

R. H. W. DILLARD
The First Man on the Sun
287pp. Louisiana State University Press. £15 (paperback, £6.75).
08071 10981

The First Man on the Sun an extremely serious novel about our local star, the world, the flesh, the seasons, Galileo, the birds and the bees. It is dense with quotations and literary cross-references, and boasts more ruminating than a herd of cows. At the heart of it we find an old joke.

An American, a Russian, and an Irishman are quarrelling over the space exploits of their various countries. One brags about the Moon, another about Mars, until the Irishman says, "that's small potatoes, we're after sending a man to the Sun itself. But you can't put a man on the Sun. And why ever not? Because the Sun's too hot. Ah, do you think we're stupid?" says the Irishman, sure, we'll be sending him at night.

In his Thoreau-like peregrinations about suburban Virginia, the book's narrator, who is R. H. W. Dillard himself, fastens upon this joke, building it into a science-fiction spoof fable featuring a passel of local Irish-Americans who bungee a spaceship together with large hammers and launch it at the Sun, aided by their secret, gravity-defying Leinster grid. (Some readers will recognize the joke within the joke here; Virginia author Will F. Jenkins, who wrote science fiction as Murray Leinster, used an identical "landing grid" in dozens of stories to defeat gravity.) This fable Dillard recounts in a somewhat wearying future tense, forcing on the most stubborn or wishful reader the awareness that the ontological status of the Irish space venture is markedly fragile. This may seem undue caution on the part of the author.

Shopping mad

Anthony Horowitz

WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE
Christmas at Fontaine's
155pp. André Deutsch. £6.95.
0233 971168

With Christmas in the title, a pre-Christmas release and Father Christmas on the cover, you might expect William Kotzwinkle's *Christmas at Fontaine's* to be a cheerful morality tale in the tradition of Dickens. In fact it is a humourless Christmas Carol, a fable in a minor key on the themes of loneliness, alcoholism, divorce and desolation.

It is Christmas at a major Manhattan department store and somebody – or something – is hiding at night amongst the tinsel. This silvery, jumped figure is the mainspring of a plot designed to show that beneath the crass commercialism of the season, something else is very much alive: Al Fontaine's, that something else would seem to be insanity. All the characters are mad in one way or another. Fontaine himself talks to birds. The department store Santa Claus is a wido. The coffee lady has "nerves like an electrified fence". The window dresser is also, courtesy of Joyce, a "stately, plump" character, and, echoing Eliot, a bridge swarming with "uncountable" thousands of refugees. Although the theme – the fall and resurrection of a city – is a familiar one, Dillard has elaborated on it with assurance and originality.

Peter Lake, the hero of the novel, arrives in America as an infant castaway in a model ship. Found by three "wise" Baymen, he is rescued and restored to life. "They had called him Peter," says Dillard, "and then, to tell him apart from the several other boys of the same name, had chosen for him a last name that fit the way they thought of him – as the child pulled from the lake." Peter, with the Baymen until he is twelve and is then set loose on the city of New York where he is unusually active throughout the twentieth century. He becomes a burglar, haunting the houses of Manhattan, then falls in love with Beverly, a consumptive beauty who sleeps under the stars in a tent on top of her father's mansion. The relationship between Peter and Beverly introduces the "love conquers all" theme; a love transcending time and enabling the couple to unite in a vision of a New York that is transformed into a "live creature, pale and pink". New York, indeed, is one of the principals in a large cast of characters. Although Dillard is at his best when indulging his dazzling powers of invention, he manages successfully to combine lyricism with a convincing account of the commercial and criminal aspects of New York. Wherever Peter goes he is pursued by the Short Tall Gang, the menacing lords of the waterfront. Ted by Peary Soames, a psychopath with a penchant for torturing paintings and a lust for gold. Equally, Peter is pursued by the white horse, his saviour, who transports him to a literal and

his only attempt to seize the day amounts to recounting at great length a bad joke he cannot even pretend to believe.

The exorbitances of Dillard's life are carefully restricted to the experiences of his Irish alter-ego, Sean Siobhan, who writes his poems, betrays his women, and jumps into his Sun. But we are not meant to believe in Sean Siobhan.

From the icy tongue-twisting abstractions of Dillard's fellow Southerner Guy Davenport down to the whimsy of Ray Bradbury, from John Barth to Flann O'Brien, *The First Man on the Sun* is dense with literary echoes to which Dillard might have paid better heed. However bizarre or problematic the universes they created, none of these authors ever fails to pretend belief. They tell fictions, not lies. Mr Dillard has not told a fabulation; he has merely quoted one.

Breaking camp

Brian Morton

PAGE EDWARDS
Peggy Salté
215pp. Marion Boyars. £7.95.
07145 27955

Real goodness is notoriously difficult to portray in fiction without distortion or sentimentality but with *Peggy Salté*, Page Edwards achieves something close to it.

Peggy Salté's life is dominated by three men: her father Carl Fountinier more or less cynically marries her off to his boss at the St Eustace Club, Charlie Tucker, a drunk and a womanizer with a streak of maudlin violence. In time, Charlie disappears, returning only when the alcohol has destroyed his body. By then, Peggy has taken up with her childhood friend, the painter Alston Tucker. When Charlie dies, Peggy and Tucker marry and set up home with Joe, Charlie's son, and Diana, their own.

The narrative is presented in a quietly detached third-person form but it is Peggy's diary that shapes the book. Like her life, her journal is controlled by the men in it. At thirteen, she becomes her father's sole companion and housekeeper, and alters the title of the journal from "The Adventures of Margaret Fountinier" to the more intimate "Peg's Notes". When she marries, it becomes "My Life, At Last!". Peggy's quieter love for Alston prompts "My Private Life", which lasts until arthritis and death overtake her. The book is full of diaries, private letters, secrets, illicit glimpses into other lives.

Peggy betrays rather less emotion throughout her life than her circumstances would seem to call for. Every event, however dramatic, is

presented in a curiously uninflected style. In part this is due to Page Edwards's narrative technique: he gained his early reputation as a short-story writer and seems happier to present cameos of specific incidents in Peggy's life, with little linking explanation. The book can even be read as a cycle of independent but linked stories.

Edwards presents the life and surroundings of upstate New York with a striking visual clarity, although there is little explicit sense of the passing of time beyond references to war, automobiles, helicopters; Keene Valley seems fixed and static, its life a series of genre paintings held in the community's memory like Tucker's paintings in their gallery. Only once does Edwards introduce an explanatory or thematic note, a quotation – improbably, from Rilke – which would have served as an epigraph but which sounds hollow and contrived in a letter from Peggy. "Once the realization is accepted that even between the closest human beings infinite distances continue to exist, a wonderful growing side by side can occur if we succeed in loving that distance which enables us to view the other person whole against the sky."

But *Peggy Salté* is about aloneness rather than loneliness. Edwards doesn't see the separateness of people as depressing, but as the necessary condition for love. Identification between people marks love's end; love depends on clear and entire seeing. Life is a series of "camps", more or less temporary holds on place. Immobile and passive, Peggy Salté still manages to traverse great areas of dramatic time. Before finally "breaking camp", the novel is, among other things, an extended speculation on time, space and mutual dependence and is an impressive step forward in Edwards's work.

Other boys of the same name, had chosen for him a last name that fit the way they thought of him – as the child pulled from the lake. Peter, with the Baymen until he is twelve and is then set loose on the city of New York where he is unusually active throughout the twentieth century. He becomes a burglar, haunting the houses of Manhattan, then falls in love with Beverly, a consumptive beauty who sleeps under the stars in a tent on top of her father's mansion. The relationship between Peter and Beverly introduces the "love conquers all" theme; a love transcending time and enabling the couple to unite in a vision of a New York that is transformed into a "live creature, pale and pink". New York, indeed, is one of the principals in a large cast of characters. Although Dillard is at his best when indulging his dazzling powers of invention, he manages successfully to combine lyricism with a convincing account of the commercial and criminal aspects of New York. Wherever Peter goes he is pursued by the Short Tall Gang, the menacing lords of the waterfront. Ted by Peary Soames, a psychopath with a penchant for torturing paintings and a lust for gold. Equally, Peter is pursued by the white horse, his saviour, who transports him to a literal and

Mythed connections

Alan Bold

MARK HELPRIN
Winter's Tale
673pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £8.95.
0297 783297

The Revelation of St John provides the symbolism for Mark Helprin's new novel. There he has found the "pale horse" that charges majestically through the book, the creatures with "slings in their tails", the woman wearing a "crown of twelve stars", the fall of a "great city", the apocalyptic notion of the millennium. There is also, courtesy of Joyce, a "stately, plump" character, and, echoing Eliot, a bridge swarming with "uncountable" thousands of refugees. Although the theme – the fall and resurrection of a city – is a familiar one, Dillard has elaborated on it with assurance and originality.

Peter Lake, the hero of the novel, arrives in America as an infant castaway in a model ship. Found by three "wise" Baymen, he is rescued and restored to life. "They had called him Peter," says Dillard, "and then, to tell him apart from the several other boys of the same name, had chosen for him a last name that fit the way they thought of him – as the child pulled from the lake." Peter, with the Baymen until he is twelve and is then set loose on the city of New York where he is unusually active throughout the twentieth century. He becomes a burglar, haunting the houses of Manhattan, then falls in love with Beverly, a consumptive beauty who sleeps under the stars in a tent on top of her father's mansion. The relationship between Peter and Beverly introduces the "love conquers all" theme; a love transcending time and enabling the couple to unite in a vision of a New York that is transformed into a "live creature, pale and pink". New York, indeed, is one of the principals in a large cast of characters. Although Dillard is at his best when indulging his dazzling powers of invention, he manages successfully to combine lyricism with a convincing account of the commercial and criminal aspects of New York. Wherever Peter goes he is pursued by the Short Tall Gang, the menacing lords of the waterfront. Ted by Peary Soames, a psychopath with a penchant for torturing paintings and a lust for gold. Equally, Peter is pursued by the white horse, his saviour, who transports him to a literal and

Waspish ways

Mary Kathleen Benet

WINTHROP KNOWLTON
False Premises
215pp. Hamish Hamilton. £8.95.
0241 110947

A familiar and useful character in fiction is the acute child penetrating the secrets the adults are anxious to keep hidden. Far more unusual, unique perhaps, is the child so anxious to think well of the adults surrounding him that the realities of failed marriages and financial skulduggery have to be gradually forced upon him. Peter Kempton, the narrator of *False Premises*, is such a child, and it is easy to see why the device is so rarely used: we are so attuned to the uncomfortable probe that this regretful exposure of some of a family's truths, more in sorrow than in anger, scarcely seems like a novel. What is gained in poignancy is lost in tension.

Peter's story is a long elegy for his childhood illusions, and for the trappings that surrounded them. "What is it I long for when I recall those early years before the outbreak of war? Is it simply a hunger for certain sounds and sights and smells – whirring lawn mowers and poodles bounding through the orchard and the whole dazzling wisteria-drenched house standing there before me on a late spring day?" Peter's Long Island childhood in the 1930s, and his subsequent progress – school, Harvard, banking – are interspersed with flashbacks to family history. Peter's millionaire godfather, Stim, is a pervasive intruder in what seems like a family memoir: he interrupts the parents' honeymoon and his hold over them is only broken by his own ruin. Stim could have provided a dramatic framework for the book; regrettably, the author seems to resent his presence in this very private story.

It is lovingly told and most of it is pleasurable – who does not like to follow the ruling class through their mahogany and mown-grass world, watching them drink, ride, sail, play tennis, make money and love? There are good observations – the contrast between the daring builders of fortunes and the dull guardians of them – and delightful scenes, like the bringing of electricity to a small Massachusetts town by the inventor-grandfather, the founding genius. Though the tone is nostalgic, it is not sentimental – Knowlton knows his WASPs too well to idealize them.

All the same, it is not quite enough. Louis Auchincloss would have imposed a plot on this rich material. Scott Fitzgerald would have – but that is unfair. Stim has more than a little in common with Gatsby, but what he does not have is his author's sympathy. Fitzgerald, like his hero, could long for the green light on the end of the dock; Knowlton, already standing on the dock, can only regret, feebly if understandably, that it is about to be swept away.

Imaginative freedom. Athansor, the horse, seems to soar above everything – skyscrapers and clouds – as the city first ices up and then begins to burn as the year 2000 dawns. All the elements in the novel – biblical symbolism, literary fable, realistic narrative – are brought together in a synthesis that offers imaginative myth as an alternative to naturalistic violence.

Mark Helprin's writing is fluid and expansive; he has the confidence of the consummate artist and the linguistic presence of the gifted storyteller. His new novel establishes him as one of the most accomplished of living American authors.

A Christmas Feast, edited by James Hale (372pp. Macmillan. £8.95. 0333 359828), is the first of a new series: it incorporates *Winter's Tale*, which has been published for the last twenty-seven years. In addition to ten new stories by both unknown and established writers, *A Christmas Feast* contains extracts from some twenty-six novels published in 1983. Among them are extracts from *Waterland* by Graham Swift, *Scandal* by A. N. Wilson, *Hot Country* by Shiva Naipaul and *Sebastian* by Lawrence Durrell.

From intimacy to majesty

C. R. Dodwell

LUCY FREEDMAN SANDLER
The Psalter of Robert De Lisle
in the British Library
142pp. Harvey Miller/Oxford University
Press, £60.
0 199210284

The contribution that the publishing house of Harvey Miller has made to the scholarship of English medieval art in little more than a decade is quite extraordinary. In steady sequence, it has produced studies of the utmost importance – the admirable Survey of the illuminated manuscripts of medieval England to be completed in six volumes, definitive studies of early English ivories and of the English wall-paintings at Sigüenza, and a select series of monographs of which *The Psalter of Robert De Lisle* is the latest example. In its introduction, Lucy Freedman Sandler – like other authors before her – pays tribute to the "unflagging devotion of my editor and publisher, Elly Miller" and Mrs Miller's practical devotion to the scholarship of art in terms of commissioning significant works and seeing them through her own Press has placed not only her authors but all who are interested in art-history in her debt.

The present book is handsomely and spaciouly printed and its colour plates are of very good quality – a matter of particular importance here for the fine nature of the pounced gold backgrounds and the delicacy of some of the colours are especially difficult to capture. As it is, apart from the forty-two illustrations of comparative material, we are given full twenty-four illustrated pages of the original manuscript, so well reproduced that we can understand why the pictures of the De Lisle Psalter have always been regarded among the great masterpieces of fourteenth-century painting.

Yet, in purely manuscript terms, perhaps the only thing absolutely certain about the De Lisle Psalter is that it has belonged to De Lisle. This is quite clear from the contemporary inscription which reads:

I Robert de Lyle give this book . . . in the year of our Lord 1339 to my daughter Audere with my blessing.

But, whether "this book" was a Psalter is uncertain since – apart from the Calendar – the original text has completely disappeared and what remains is simply the pictures – bound, probably since about 1590, with another fragmentary manuscript of the same period and now British Library Arundel MS 83 II and I. Despite this, it is probable that the traditional assumption that the book was a Psalter is correct, for eleven of the pages of pictures are of the Life of Christ and – from the time of the Anglo-Saxons onwards – this was the traditional preface cycle of illustrations for Psalters. It reflected the view that the Psalms prophesied the coming of Christ and incidents from his life, a view accepted by the great commentators like Ambrose, Hilary and Augustine; indeed, St Jerome in his *Breviarium in Psalmos* spoke of David actually writing some of his Psalms in the person of Christ.

From the art historian's point of view, the best part of the manuscript has, of course, remained to us, but the fact that these handsome pictures are on disconnected leaves creates problems in terms of ascertaining, or amending, their sequence, for even in the original manuscripts such cycles of pictures could be misplaced. One of Dr Sandler's contributions is to recommend a rearrangement of their present order, which she does by applying a feeling for colour, a sense of logic and the knowledge that an offset on one folio must relate to a picture which is not at present facing it.

It is curious to find that a number of illustrated manuscripts were left unfinished in the Middle Ages, including Psalters, such as the Harley Psalter, whose cycle of pictures was never completed, though later and differing hands added their own quotas to the original drawings. The pictures of the De Lisle Psalter are more lavish but much less numerous than those of such earlier Psalters, yet, for reasons which can only be a matter of speculation, they also (like those of the contemporary Ormesby Psalter) remained unfinished and invited attention from later painters. At first, some of

those almost completed were touched up, but later a second major artist completed the sequence with five pictures of the Ascension, Pentecost, Christ in Majesty, the Coronation of the Virgin and a personification of various virtues. This was some twenty years later than the original paintings (which are dated around 1310) and in a quite different style, though we are not told whether this second artist had the original under-drawings to guide him or whether he was working entirely *ab ovo*; it would be useful to know whether ultra-violet light could, or could not, throw up any original sketches.

However this may be, the two major styles are quite different. The first artist – the so-called Madonna Master – uses decorative gold and coloured backgrounds as foils for the exquisite tenderness of his human figures, so that the delicacy of their humanity seems as if placed in sumptuous shrines. This feeling of human intimacy is not pursued by the later artist – the Majesty Master as he is called – whose colours are stranger and figures more forceful. This style Dr Sandler reasonably compares at one point to that of the Queen Mary Psalter group, though her more forceful argument that "the immediate sources of the Majesty Master's style are not to be found in English painting at all but . . . in the art attributed to Jean Pucelle and his workshop" is not particularly convincing except in some points of technical detail, and she herself might agree that the real qualities of these paintings – their monumentality and tranquillity – do not derive from Pucelle. The placing of the Madonna Master's style in the ambience of Westminster and the comparisons Dr Sandler makes with the tombs of Edmund Crouchback and Aymer de Valence and, most especially, with the Westminster Sediae are, however, very compelling. Further to this, she places the pictures in their more immediate historic context – associating, for example, her knowledge that some of the more diagrammatic pictures had been "programmed" by a late thirteenth-century Franciscan with Robert De Lisle's own Franciscan sympathies – for, after his wife's death, he entered a Franciscan convent.

Dr Sandler's descriptions of each of the pictures are very helpful, though some might have been more closely related to the ways of thinking of the times. She remarks, for example, that owls are perched on the Tree of Vice because they are "creatures of darkness", but they have a much closer relevance to the picture. The branches on which they sit lead from the part of the tree labelled "the way of death" and these birds were normally seen as associates and harbingers of death. Bartholomaeus Anglicanus' statement in the thirteenth century that the owl lived in graves and prognosticated death reflected traditional views and, even as late as Shakespeare, that bird remained the "shrieking harbinger, Foul precursor of the fiend".

No interest is shown in this book in iconography. Even though the pictures are the earliest surviving English painting of "The three Living and the three Dead", which is a theme with a whole literature to itself, nothing is said about its relationship to earlier developments in France and later ones in Europe. Other interesting iconographies are also left to one side. Given the splendour of the paintings, the decision to focus the discussion primarily on the style is certainly understandable though it does have its minor hazards. On more than one occasion, Dr Sandler speaks of the wealth of gestures in the paintings, but she interprets these in a subjective way and seems unaware of the traditions defining some of them. She says that St John at the Crucifixion is hiding part of his face and twisting his sleeve in despair but, in fact, he is making two traditional gestures of very long ancestry – the one of grief, the other (admittedly half concealed) of contemplation. Again, the statement that the disciples at the Last Supper were "agitated, their gestures conveying varied states of denial, concern and astonishment" cannot be supported by any objective analysis of the relevant picture.

The achievement of Lucy Freedman Sandler is to provide us with a careful description of these fine paintings and a sensitive analysis of their styles.

The miller's friend

Norman Smith

TERRY S. REYNOLDS
Stronger Than a Hundred Men: A History of the Vertical Water Wheel
199pp. Johns Hopkins University Press.
£20.50.
0801325547

Two themes probably have underlain and controlled the development of technology more than any others: materials and prime movers; and around such central themes as these it ought to be possible to write significant studies of technological and engineering history. *Stronger Than a Hundred Men* is, overall, a convincing demonstration that it can be done. Considering the manifest importance of water-power in many parts of the world at different periods, its intrinsic technical interest and the extent and diversity of historians' concern with the subject, it is surprising that its comprehensive history has very rarely been attempted, and never successfully. Bennett and Elton have given us a wide-ranging history of iron-milling, in which they demonstrated a detailed acquaintance with the documentary evidence of early water-power. But because they had so little archaeological evidence at their disposal, and because they took such a compact and selective view of what they ineptly termed "the modern watermill", their work, almost as far as water-wheels are concerned, is not the definitive one that some have suggested. A.P. Usher's account, appearing at intervals in *A History of Mechanical Inventions*, is safe and sound so far as it goes, which is no more than his exploration of mechanical invention required.

It is an interesting comment on the history of engines generally that Terry S. Reynolds's highly and thorough history of water-wheels, about just one type of them, is a pioneering

effort whose international approach is in contrast to British histories of another prime mover, the steam engine, which are relatively numerous and decidedly parochial.

The vertical water-wheel lasted all but 2,000 years. When at last it reached the end of any further useful development – a state of affairs brought about as much by the evolution of water turbines as by any superiority of steam or petrol power – it would still have been instantly recognizable by its Greco-Roman originators. There are obscure and intriguing problems surrounding the origins of water-power, and these are cautiously explored by Reynolds against a very fully documented background, not only round the Mediterranean but also in Northern Europe, India and China. His discussion is full but inconclusive – perhaps it could not be otherwise – and he does not deal altogether satisfactorily with the key question of the vertical wheel's origins in relation to those of the horizontal wheel. Indeed at the outset one comes face to face with a central assumption of the book, namely that the history of water-power in the Western world is the history of the vertical wheel. So far as diversity of use and horse-power developed are concerned, this is probably right, but in the matter of hydro-motor concepts and fresh ideas the case is by no means so simple. Towards the end of the book Reynolds rather paradoxically concedes that the vertical wheel's replacement, the water turbine, owed much to horizontal wheels of various types.

There is also the complex question of distribution. Whatever the water-wheels' origins, both types eventually achieved elaborate patterns of distribution throughout Europe, North Africa and the Middle East. All manner of evidence establishes this but none of it ultimately reveals the reasons or explains the powers of diffusion and transmission which were at work.

Denizens of air and water

Redmond O'Hanlon

STANLEY CRAMP (Editor)
Handbook of the Birds of Europe, The Middle East and North Africa: The Birds of the Western Palearctic, Volume Three – Waders to Gulls
919pp. Oxford University Press, £49.50.
019019068

With the publication of the third volume of the *Handbook of the Birds of Europe, The Middle East and North Africa*, the whole work now seems set to become one of the best bird books yet produced. Vastly ambitious in overall design, in detailed execution it resembles its own description of the Merlin: "Compact, bold, and fearless" – and it certainly "gives constant impression of determined purpose in almost artistically close hunting and swift, direct chase" of every possible reference in the field.

Out of orbit

John North

DAVID DURHAM and ROBERT D. MARRINGTON
Universe of the Universes: A History of Physical Cosmology
309pp. New York: Columbia University Press.
£21.95/£24.

One of the *Universes* is in character a series of introductory lectures, resting mainly on secondary sources. These are not always carefully chosen, but they are not entirely to blame for the book's superficial character. Its authors are a fine, long habit of dipping into this and that, and then launching off in a new direction without warning. The illustrations are all secondary sources, and misinformation in the text is even more numerous.

Wordsworth to Robert Graves and beyond: the catalogue of an exhibition of presentation and of first and other editions of English poetry from the collection of Simon Smith at the Bodleian Library, Oxford from January 1984, is published by Bernard Quaritch, 25, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Capital impressions

David Piper

BERNARD ADAMS
London Illustrated 1604-1851: A Survey and Index of Topographical Books and their Plates
586pp. Library Association, £68 (leather bound, £160).
0853657343

Anyone engaged in the production of books on London that involve illustrations dating from before about 1850 will be only too well aware of the problems of finding any that have not been used scores of times before, let alone of discovering new ones. It is always worrying to be accused of reproducing "hackneyed" images, though it is of course the responsiveness of the reader's eye that has become "hackneyed", not the images. Bernard Adams's new work, a labour of dedicated love if ever there was one, will on the one hand indicate what prints of the metropolis may strike freshly (even if briefly) and on the other offer a warning that any print of this period has to be scrutinized carefully to make sure that it is not a derivative of an earlier one (if not a reprint from the original plate), and possibly a most misleading indication of what actually existed on the ground at the date of publication of the derivative.

Mr Adams's purposes are both humane and realistic. He offers his compilation as a working tool – a check-list of titles of books illustrating London, and a subject and name index to the plates in such books – for the swiftly expanding cohorts of professional "picture researchers" working for publishers. The compiler's ungrudging realism springs in part from his recognition of the devastating effect that the demand for recent years' topographical prints for tasteful framing had on the survival rate of the books in which they were published. Quoted in their illustrations, text and binding are linked. The demand has also

of course spurred on that scourge of librarians, the razor-bladed thief mutilating library holdings of the most valuable classics of the genre. One result is a profusion of detached prints, whose sources can be very difficult to identify, surfacing in all kinds of shops, ranging from specialist antiquarian book- or print-sellers, to gift boutiques in the high street. Adams's compassion extends to sellers and purchasers alike of such orphaned impressions, eager to discover whence and when their specimens come. Those who will find themselves most seriously indebted to his work and its indexes, however, will surely be the dedicated students of the topography and the fabric of pre-1851 London, enabled now to discover swiftly what evidence survives, as far as prints in books are concerned, of any particular physical aspect of the metropolis that may concern them.

Following the introduction, the author offers a succinct history of the genre, in terms of the categories into which the books may be grouped. After "Pictorial Guidebooks" comes "Pictorial Atlases and Journals" – an odd conjunction perhaps, with (in a mention of more recent permutations) one of the rare slips that I have noticed: for Stephen Bone he must mean James (plus Mulready) Bone of the ever readable classic *The London Perambulator* of 1925. "Street Views" – a brief section, is confined to an appreciative account of Talis and especially his *London Street Views* that appeared in 14 numbers, 1838-40, although those do not appear in Adams's main catalogue. The reasons for that omission are not clear, perhaps being produced as a trade directory in numbers; Talis does not count as an "illustrated book" though bound-up copies certainly exist, even if they are excessively rare; and it is only in Talis that one can walk down, for example, the middle of Piccadilly in the late 1830s, contemplating to left and right the elevations of the time. Hatched, and Fortnum and Mason, are already there, though the latter have not yet expanded round the

corner (ousting "Davis – Tailor & Breeches Mak" to the Royal Hunt) into Duke Street, and opposite, the austere compartmented wall of old Burlington House still stands. Talis, though, is now available in the excellent reprint edition of 1969.

Further sections deal with publications primarily of historical interest (descendants of John Stow's magisterial, though alas unillustrated, seminal *Survey* of 1603), and those of antiquarian interest following on the great collaborations of Dugdale and Hollar. "Pannant and the Picturesque" deals with the popular appeal of illustrations combining topographical record with the fashionable detailed effects dear to Gilpin, and extending the practice of Grangerizing, or extra-illustrating, from portraiture to topography. As far as London was concerned, the favourite vehicle for extra-illustration was the text of Thomas Pennant's *Of London* (1790), and the best-known survivors of the practice remain the Crowle set in the British Museum and the Fauntleroy set in the Soane Museum. The new sophistication of reproduction enabled by the development of aquatint leads to the superb, but sadly so often now stripped, classics such as Thomas Malton's *Picturesque Tour through the Cities of London and Westminster* and Ackermann's *Microcosm of London*, starring Rowlandson and Augustus Pugin. Later, the development of the steel engraving made illustrations available to a greatly increased reading public, in much less expensive publications, many of them based on the drawings of the indefatigably prolific members of the Shepherd family, especially T. H. The progressive conditioning of views of London by aesthetic fashion and technical innovations is illustrated by a well-chosen selection of fifty monochrome plates.

The meat of the book, however, rests in the catalogue. This is set out chronologically, from Harrison's *Archaeologia Triumph* (1604), to Lamoureaux's *Le Guide de Londres* (1826) for French addicts (with the well-known vista of Pall Mall

featuring the new gas-lamps) and Wood's *Lithograph's Inn* (c.1845), with his lithographs showing the fair "remarkably close" to that visible today. The 238 publications catalogued embrace over 8,000 individual prints, each numbered and measured, with copious text, possible and relationship to earlier views often irrelevant. The intro to each book entry often contains far more than a mere collocation, extending to biographical details of the publisher, to the procedure of publication as well as variations in succeeding editions, comments on the artists involved and often a sensitive appraisal of artistic quality. Complications, for example in the progress of editions of Stow through the years, can be formidable, but are tackled here with clarity and a minimum of fuss. Though no doubt the compiler will be welcoming minor amendments for many years to come, spot checking has indicated a remarkable degree of comprehensiveness and accuracy. Finally, no less invaluable, perhaps even more so, are the indexes – topographical, artists, engravers, architects, authors, book titles and select publishers; and a select bibliography.

The area covered is that of central London. Bernard Adams acknowledges the remarkable, fully illustrated survey of the outer east that is in progress (the *Images of London* series), and among the acknowledgements, especially warming to find the late George Suckling, and the treasure-mine of prints in his shop in Cecil Court off the Chancery Lane Road, so handsomely enlisted.

Wordsworth to Robert Graves and beyond: the catalogue of an exhibition of presentation and of first and other editions of English poetry from the collection of Simon Smith at the Bodleian Library, Oxford from January 1984, is published by Bernard Quaritch, 25, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307,